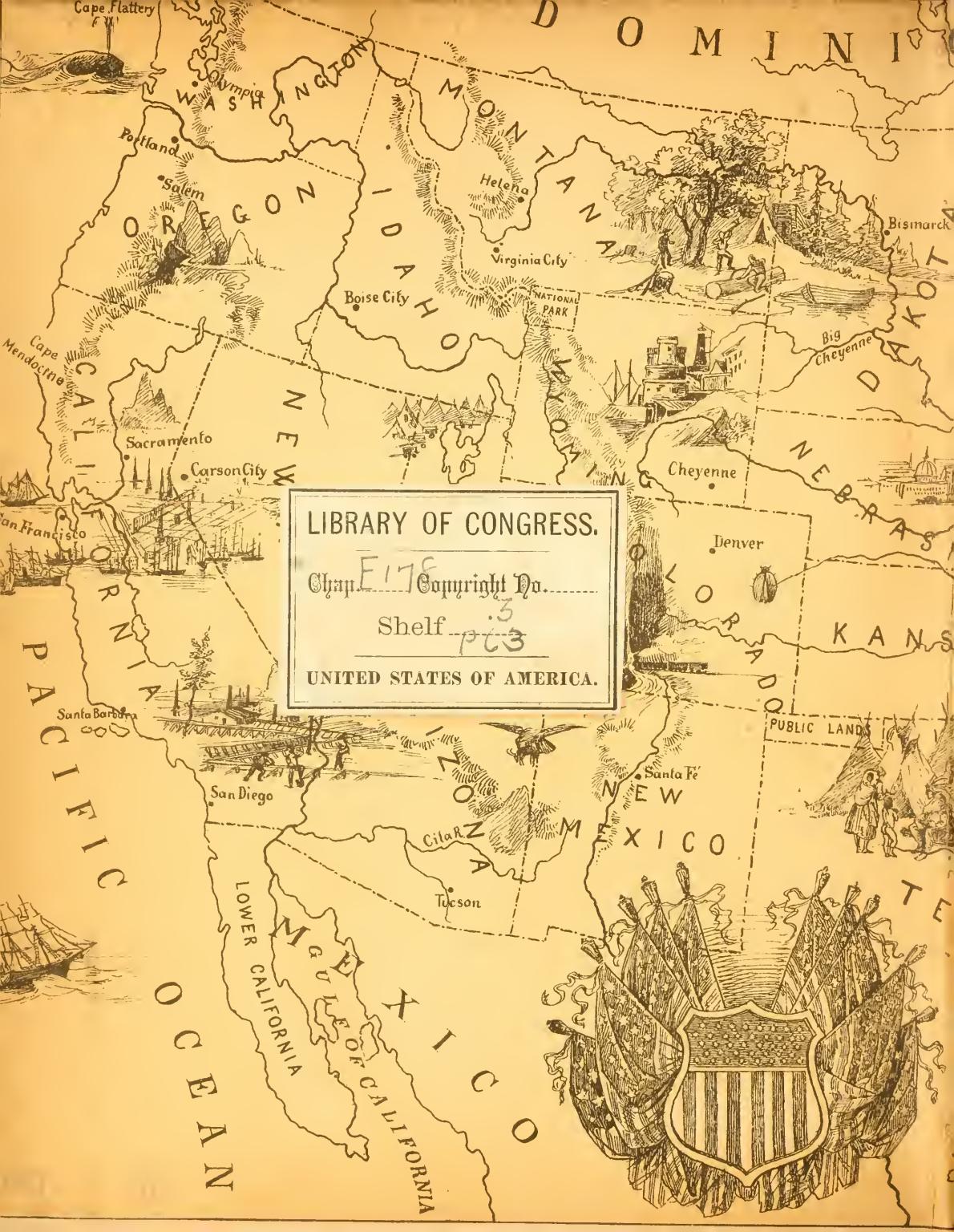


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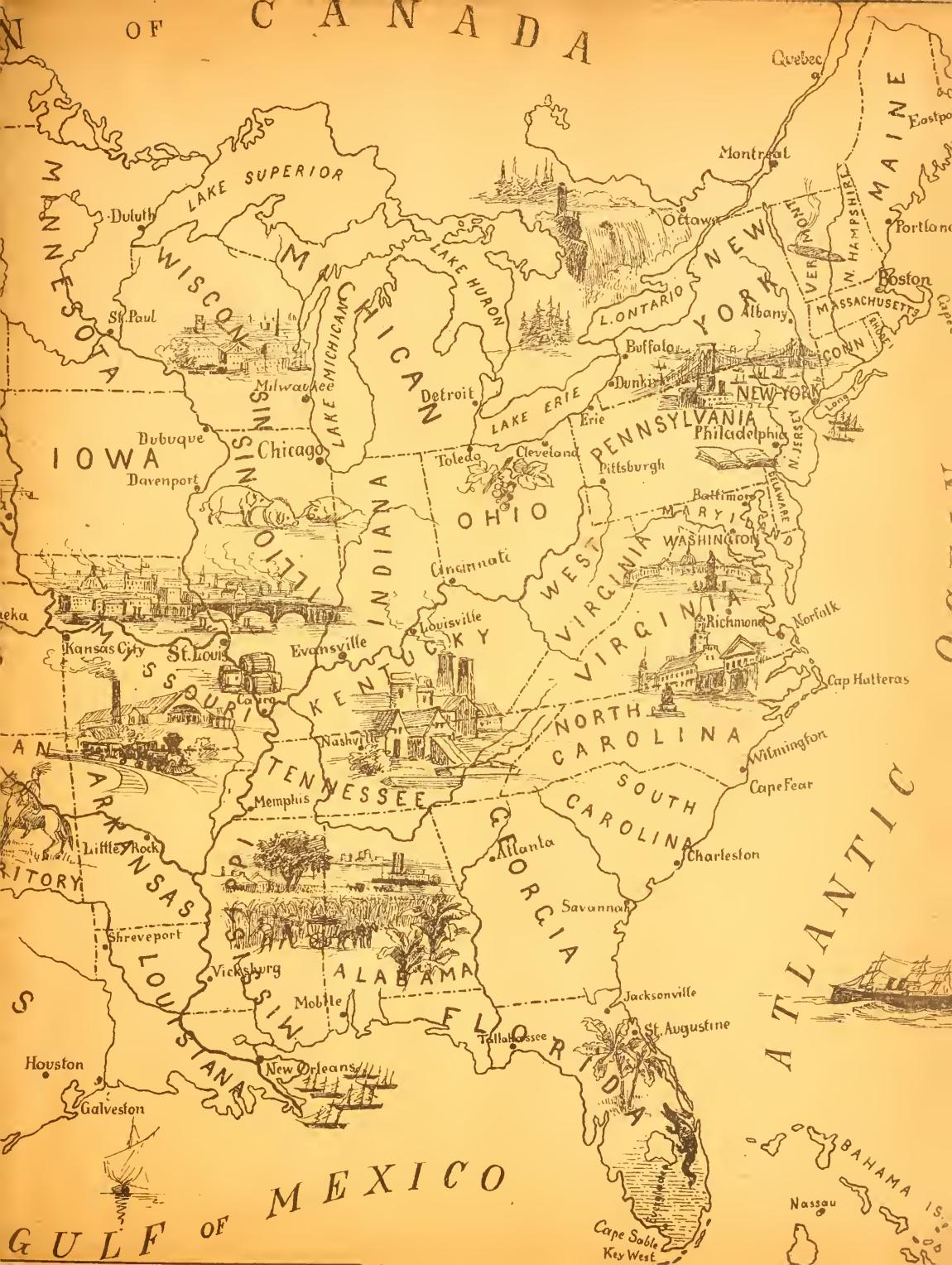
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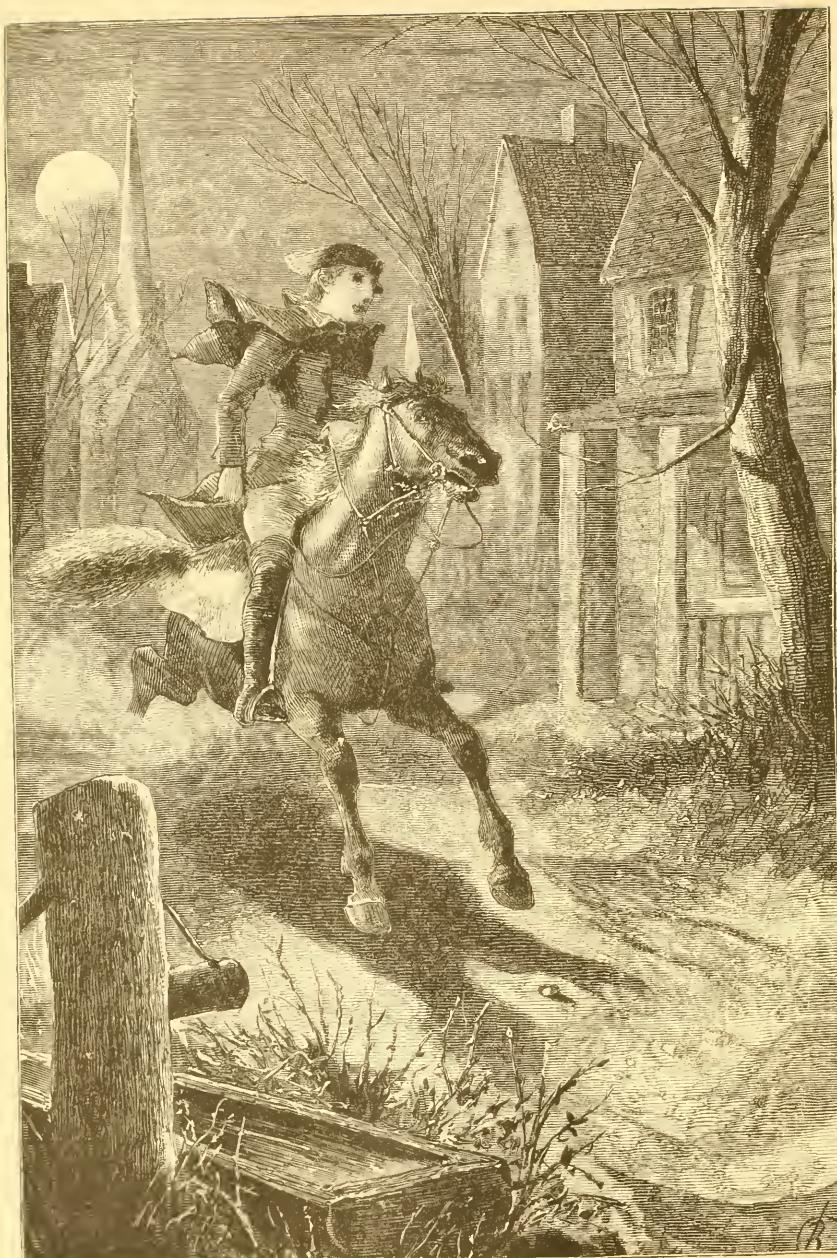
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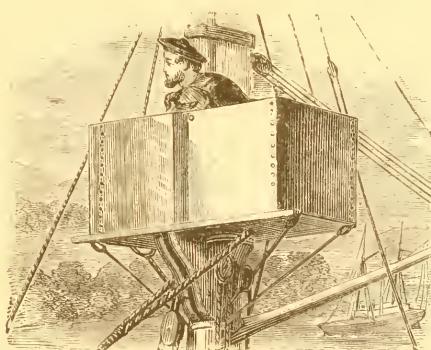
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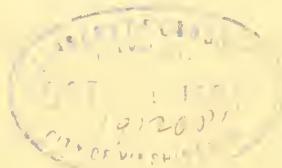
MRS. HELEN W. PIERSON

AUTHOR OF HISTORIES OF FRANCE, ENGLAND AND GERMANY, IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

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AN ARMORED LOOK-OUT



NEW YORK
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS
9 LAFAYETTE PLACE

IN UNIFORM STYLE,

Words of One Syllable.

ILLUSTRATED.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

HISTORY OF FRANCE,

HISTORY OF GERMANY,

HISTORY OF UNITED STATES.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,

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212

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P R E F A T O R Y.

In this “History of the United States,” it has been the aim to use words of only one syllable. But it will be seen that, in a historical work, names must be given of famous men, of great battles, and of some important measures. It is thought that parents or teachers can soon familiarize young people with these names, so that they will read them as readily as the rest. Titles have been sometimes omitted, and some names which deserve a place and have it in larger histories, are not found here. All such omissions have been made from the fear of rendering the task of reading the book too difficult for many, who, as they grow older, can add to the list that fame has made illustrious, and take wider views of the history of this land.

H. W. P.

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History of the United States.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THIS LAND WAS FOUND.

FOR a long time, in past years, it was not known that the world was round. If the men in those days



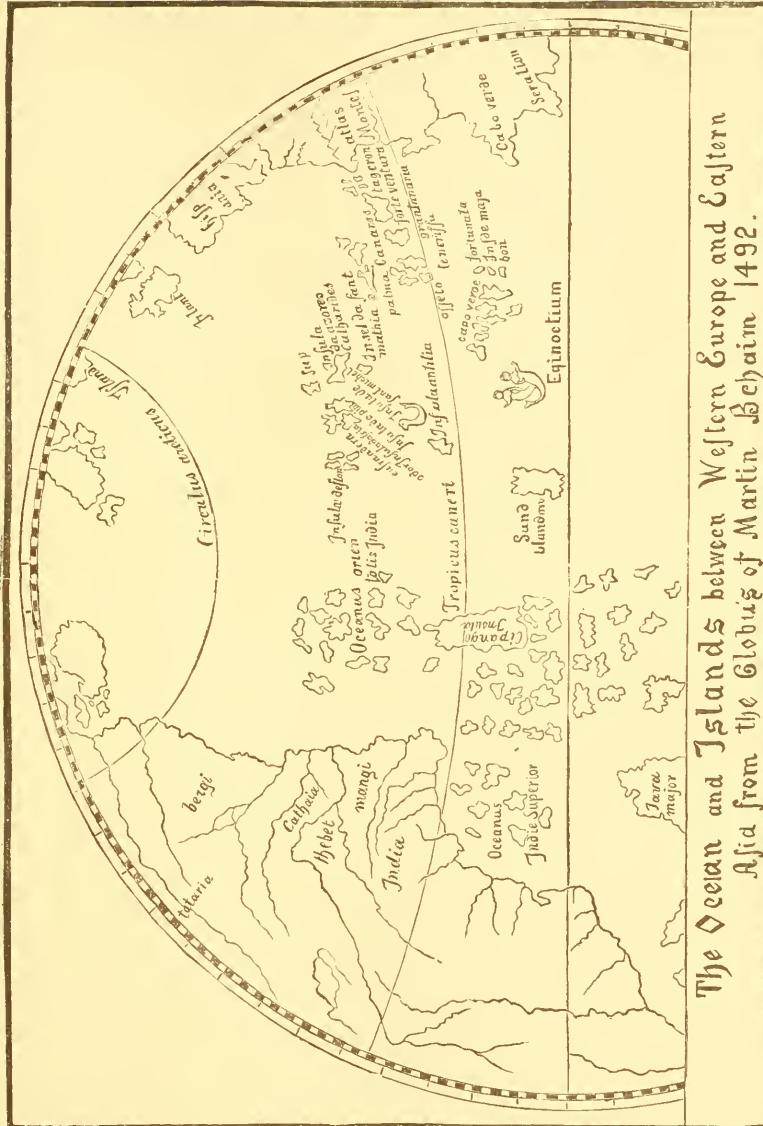
IN-DI-ANS HUNTING IN THE SNOW.

had been told that a ship could start from a port and sail straight on for months and come round to

the same place, it would have made them laugh as at a good joke. They did not know the real shape of the earth, but thought it was a flat plane.

In those days our land was the home of the In-di-ans, or red men, as we call them, from their dark skins. The red man does not live in a house, but in a sort of tent or hut. The tribes of red men had all this land for their own when Co-lum-bus was born. The great woods, the green plains, the bright streams, were all theirs. They made their wars in a strange and fierce style, and wore at their belts locks of hair, cut from the heads of those slain by their hands. These locks, cut from the head with part of the skin, they call a scalp. It was the pride of an In-di-an to have scalps hung at his belt. No one had taught him that this was wrong, and he did not have the Word of God to show him the right way.

When Co-lum-bus was a mere boy he was fond of the sea and ships. He would go and watch the waves, and think about how ships were made, and the best way to sail them. He was born in Gen-oa, which is by the blue sea ; so when he was a small boy he could watch the white sails come in. Such queer ships they had there, with strange high prows ! As time went on, and he grew of age, he made trips in these ships, and was in sea-fights, and once or twice he was in a wreck. So you see he had a



The Ocean and Islands between Western Europe and Eastern Asia
from the Globus of Martin Behaim 1492.

chance to grow strong and brave for the work he had to do.

What he read in books taught him that the world was round, and not flat, as was thought in those times. So he knew that if he could sail west he would come to a new land. He thought of this a long time, and at last he grew more sure of it, but he could get no one else to think as he did. He spent ten years in this way. He was full of plans; but he could get no help and no gold. He was too poor to do all with no aid from his friends. At last he went to Spain.

There were a King and Queen there who were kind to Co-lum-bus; but at first they would not give their gold to help him. They thought this was a wild dream. At last, with a sad heart, he made up his mind to turn his back on the court of Spain.

While on his way, a man came to him from Queen Is-a-bel-la. She had sent him word that she would help him; "that she would pledge her own gems to give him aid." But she did not have to do this, as means were found when Co-lum-bus went back to the court. His heart was made glad; for they gave him a small fleet of three ships, and on the 3d of August, 1492, the sun rose on the fleet as it went forth on its way to the new land. All was strange to the new crew, and they had all

sorts of queer thoughts and fears of the sea. They had not been out of sight of land in all their lives; and when they saw the deep, dark sea on all sides, they were full of fear that they would not see their homes again. The trade wind which took them west so fast, would keep them, they thought, from their land when they had the wish to go back. At last they grew so full of fear, they swore they would not go on, and Co-lum-bus had hard work to make them. But soon there were signs of land, and some land birds flew by the ship; and one of the crew found a branch of a tree on the waves, which had some fresh red fruit on it.

Oh, how glad they were! Co-lum-bus felt so sure that he was near land, he gave word for the ships to lie by that night. No man thought of sleep. They all kept watch on deck to see this strange new coast for which they had borne so much.

In the night a cry of joy was heard. Co-lum-bus had seen a light far off, and a shout of "Land! land!" soon came from all sides.

When the sun rose they all saw a green strip of shore some five miles long. The men fell at the feet of Co-lum-bus and shed tears of joy. Then they sang a hymn of praise to God, who had kept them and brought them safe and sound to this new place. They got out the small boats and put men

and arms in them, with flags, and a band to play a march of joy, and the crews made their way to the shore. Co-lum-bus, in a rich dress with his drawn sword in his hand, sprang on the beach, and then the crew came next. They set up a cross, and all knelt at its foot and gave thanks for their safe trip. Then Co-lum-bus set up the flag of Cas-tile and Le-on, and took the new land for the crown of Spain.

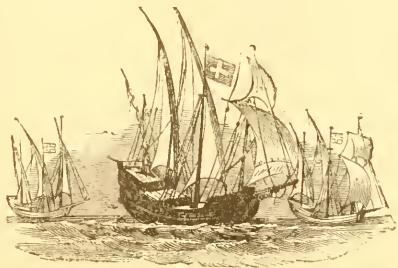
While they stood there with shouts of joy and songs, some strange dark shapes stole up with soft steps to their side. The crew thought these men must have come from a new world, as they saw their dark skins and the gay paint and plumes they wore. Co-lum-bus gave them the name of In-di-ans, for he thought the new coast was part of In-dia. He did not know that he had found a new land. These men with red skins were glad to kiss the feet of the Span-iards, and change their gold chains and rude rings for the beads and pins the crew gave to them.

Co-lum-bus spent some time in the new land he had found, and then he set sail for home to take his friends and the Queen the great news. A wild storm came on the way home, and Co-lum-bus thought that all was lost, so he wrote his tale on a cake of wax and put the cake in a cask and threw it in the sea; so that if he had gone down in the

storm, all that he had found would not be lost to the world.

But God took care of Co-lum-bus and his crew. They got back to their homes once more and had a grand time. The King and Queen gave them a new and fine fleet; and in time they came back and saw new points of land on which to build homes, and they found, too, South A-mer-i-ca.

There were some in Spain who did not like Co-lum-bus, for he had won gold and fame, while they had none. So they told false tales of him; and when his friend, Queen Is-a-bel-la, died, he was once brought back from the land he had found in chains. How sad that was!—was it not? At last he had to die old and poor, and this land did not have his name. It had no name for some time; but at last an I-tal-ian, who made a few trips there, and wrote of what he saw, gave his name to the new world. His name was A-mer-i-cus Ves-pu-ci-us. That is a hard name for you to say, but you can all say A-mer-i-ca, and that is the name of our land.



CHAPTER II.

THE NEW WORLD.

WHEN the news of this land of gold spread over the world, Eng-land and France and Spain all sent ships to see what they could find. They each thought they would like to have a slice. The Eng-lish thought they had some rights, as one of their men, named Ca-bot, had, in truth, been the first to touch this new shore. The next time he came, he made his way down the coast to what we call Vir-gin-ia, and set up a claim for Eng-land.

Then the King of France sent a man to plant his flag here, and he gave the name of New France to part of our coast. But though Eng-land and France both set claim to the land, they did not send men here to live for a long time.

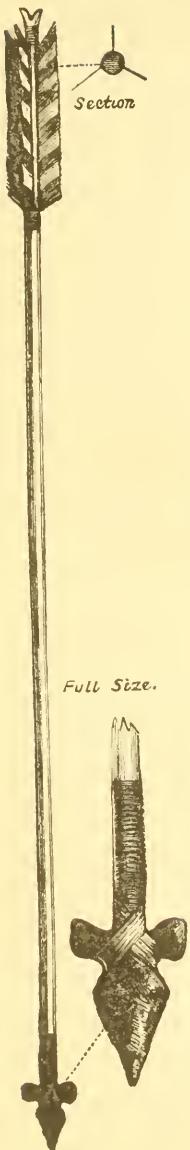
At last Queen E-liz-a-beth gave one of the great men at court, called Sir Wal-ter Ral-eigh, a claim to a large tract of land in A-mer-i-ca. He came with two ships, and found the red skins kind. They brought him gifts, and he went back to tell of all the strange things he had seen, and some came to live on the new shores. But the red skins were

hard to live with, and the small group of white men could get no food, and were near death, when a brave man, named Sir Fran-cis Drake, came with a ship and took them off to their homes. The next band that came met a sad fate, for they all fell by the hand of the red men.

There were some in Eng-land who had a great wish to see this new world. They thought they would like to live in a land with no King, and have a church where they could pray to God in their own way. They were called “Pil-grims,” for they went from place to place and would sing psalms and pray, and they were full of joy at the thought of their new home.

Do you know the name of the ship they came in? It is a sweet name, and you must keep it in your mind—The May-flow-er. They did not have a smooth trip, and a storm blew them on to the coast of Mass-a-chu-setts. It was bare and cold, but it was nice to see land at all. There were all sorts of fowl there, and they saw a whale; but when they went to shoot it the gun burst. They made their way to a vale where there was a spring, and there they took their first drink in the new land.

There was a rock called Plym-outh Rock, and here they made their homes and built the first house. It was in 1620, in a cold time of the year, that the



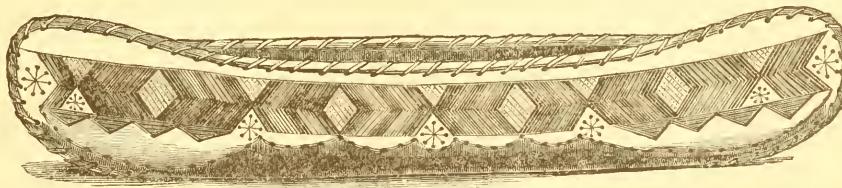
IN-DI-AN FLINT-
HEADED ARROW.

May-flow-er brought her crew to Plymouth Rock. There was not much food, and they had from the first a foe whom they could not trust or make a friend. These were a new race of men. They had brown skins; were tall and straight, with long, coarse black hair. They had no books, and got their food in the hunt, or caught fish in the streams. They made boats of birch bark—queer, long things, with a point at each end. They could make bows, and would pound their corn with two stones for their bread. They took the skins of beasts for their clothes, for they knew how to dress them. Each tribe had its head man, known as a chief, and their great joy was in war. When their foes took them, they would not pray for their lives. They were brave in their own way, and would show no fear at the sight of the fire that was to burn their flesh.

Their wives, the squaws, would dress the food and do all the hard work at home. They were the ones who dug each small patch of ground and put in the beans and corn. The men had a

scorn for work. They were made to fight, they thought. They would say, "The Great Chief gave the white man a plow and the red man a bow, and sent them in the world to gain food, each in his own way."

In this new land there was not a horse, cow, sheep, cat, dog, or hen to be found. You would not like such a place, would you? What did the



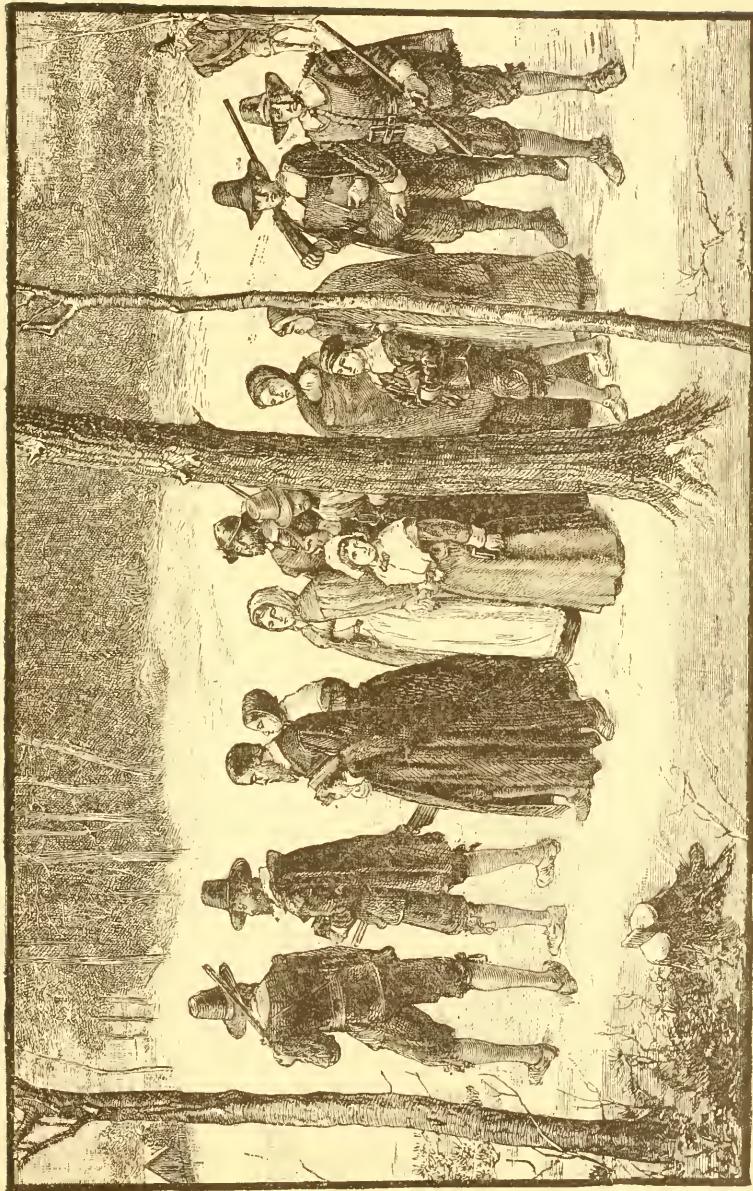
young people do for pets in those days? No chicks to feed, no puss with her soft, warm fur, for small hands to stroke.

But the new homes were not left in peace. The red men saw that their doom was near. They felt that they would have to move on and on, to give place to these men who knew so much; who read books and had schools, and taught their young ones to pray. So they took the guns that they had bought from the white men and went to war with them. When they took them they would tie them fast to stakes, burn them to death, and all the time the flames were at work, these fierce red men would

dance a war dance of joy. They bought rum from the white men, and it made them like brutes.

They knew that the white men had come to take their land, and that was cause for their hate. And so the white men, in their turn, felt no love for the red skin, and thought they did well to push him back more and more, and take all they could from him. The white men were to blame, for they first gave the vile rum to the red men, and that made them wild. They would burn down the white man's house at night, and kill his wife and babes. Think how sad it must be to wake up in the night and find the hot blaze of a fire in your face, and the wild war-whoop of an In-di-an in your ears. But you can lie down in your bed in peace, for there is no one to harm you—you live in good times.

But those who were so brave as to come and live in this new land, had a hard life at first. There were no snug farms as now, with fields of green corn and wheat. At times the poor men could not get much to eat, and one wrote home: "The crumbs that fall from your meals would be sweet to me. When I can get a cup of meal and boil it with a pinch of salt, I give thanks as for a great feast. The In-di-ans at times bring corn and trade it for clothes or knives. One day they gave



PIL-GRIMS ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.

me a peck of corn for a small dog. It would be a strange thing to see a piece of roast beef or veal here."

It will not seem strange, then, that, in such hard times, death came to these small bands and took some away. But those who were left kept up brave hearts, and would not go back to their old homes; and though all were so poor, there was not a case of theft in four years. They grew to like the land, and one said, "A sup of New Eng-land air is worth more than a draught of Old Eng-land ale."

For one of the first bands of men who came here, made their homes in a place to which they gave the name of New Eng-land, after their old home. As time went on each place grew to be a town, and soon had a church and a school of its own. If we had gone in one of those towns on the Lord's day, we would have seen some strange sights. As the clocks struck nine, there would come out a man who would beat a drum or blow a conch shell, or ring a bell to call all the folks to church. As we drew near to this church, we would have seen that it was built of logs, with a small flag to wave on it. There would be a fence of stakes round it, and a man with a gun on guard near it. Those who went in left all their guns in his care.

If you look at this church you will see that it has no glass panes like ours, but small and dull and thick ones set in lead. It is the style now to like that old thick glass, and to use it once more. You might see on the front of this church, near the door, the heads of wolves that had been slain in the hunt in the past year.

In this church the old men sat on one side, and the young men were not with them. They had their own place. So, too, the boys did not sit by the girls. Most of the boys sat on the stairs, and there was a man there as a sort of guard to see that they did not talk. He had a long rod or wand in his hand, with a hare's foot on one end, and a hare's tail on the other. He would let no one go to sleep. If he saw a girl nod, he would touch her on the face with the soft brush of the hare's tail; but if it were a boy who was caught in a nap, he got a sharp rap from the hare's foot. So you see in those times one could not make such a snug nest in the pew and take a long sleep as one does now; and they had to stay three or four hours in church. It must have been hard for small folks not to nod at times.

When they sung, it was out of a book by the name of "The Bay Psalm Book," and they did not know more than ten tunes. In those days no one

could stay from church but for a good cause, or else they had to pay a fine. And if a man staid from church a month, he was put in the stocks, or in a cage of wood, where all could see him and laugh and jeer at him.

You do not know what stocks are in these times, but if you had stood in a New Eng-land town then, you would have seen a strange thing made of wood, by the road near the church. This queer frame of wood would hold a man fast so that he could not move, and you may think a day in the stocks would be hard to bear, and would make one's bones ache.

A house in such a town, in those days, was all built on the ground floor; so there were no stairs. It was made of earth or logs, and had a steep roof of thatch. The place for the fire was built of rough stones. It was large enough to burn logs four feet long, and had so much room in it that a man and his wife and boys and girls could sit in it and look up at the sky.

The dress in those days was not the same as it is now. The men wore small clothes, which came to the knee like a small boy's in these times, and they had stiff ruffs round their necks and caps of rich stuff on their heads. The young men wore fine belts, and great high boots which were made with a roll at the top. The girls wore silk hoods in the

streets, and stiff rich gowns, with long waists, and lace caps on feast-days. But folks could not wear gay clothes if the law did not think they had means to spend for such fine things.

They had some queer laws in those days. Those who had done wrong had to stand in the stocks, which held them by the feet and neck, so they could not get free, or they had to mount stools in church. If a man had a wife who had the name of a bad scold, a cleft stick was put on her tongue, or she was made to take a cold dip in a stream. I dare say you think those were hard laws, and you are glad to live in these days. But that was a race who had the fear of God in their hearts; their aim was to do just right and to rule the land in the best way.



CHAPTER III.

THE RED MEN AND THEIR WARS.

AT first, before they had time to plant the fields, the men could but hunt and fish for food; but as years went by, they had farms, and made glass and things for trade; they wove cloth of wool, and some from a plant that grows in the south, of which you may know the name. It is white and soft.

They had not much coin, and so they had to do the best they could with skins and corn, or what they could get for trade. The first mint to make coin was set up in Mass-a-chu-setts in 1652. This coin had a pine tree on one side, and the name of the State. One side had a date and N. E. for New Eng-land. All this coin was known as “pine-tree coin.” In time the land at Plym-outh Bay and those near took one name, “Mass-a-chu-setts.”

In the meanwhile the small band who had made homes in Vir-gin-ia had come to grief. They had been men of good birth in their own land, and did not know much of hard work. They had come in search of wealth. Great tales had been told of the gold here. It had been said one could pick up

great lumps of gold, as large as a hen's egg, in the streams. They found that all this was not true, and that a man had to work hard to live. They grew sick, and death came in their midst to make things more sad; so that they lost more than half of their small band.



BUILD-ING IN VIR-GIN-IA.



JOHN SMITH.

One man, John Smith by name, did great things for them. He had been brave from his birth. He had been in wars oft, and once he built him

a lodge of boughs in a wood and took his books with him, that he might learn the art of war. Once he went to fight the Turks. He is said to have been sold as a slave. It may be all these tales are not true; but it *is* true he taught his own friends in Vir-gin-ia how to live. He got them to build a fort and log huts for the cold times. He made friends as far as he could of the In-di-ans, so that he could get boat loads of food from them. He said that "he who would not work might not eat;" so no man could be a drone in the hive. Each one must learn to swing the axe in the woods or to hunt and to fish.

Once the In-di-ans took him and they told him that he must die. Their great chief Pow-ha-tan had said the word; so his head was laid upon a stone, and a huge war club held up to strike the blow. But a young girl was seen to spring to his side, throw her arms round his neck, and pray that he might be set free. She was the pet of the tribe, for she was the child of their chief; and so Cap-tain Smith was set free. You may be sure he was full of thanks to his kind young friend, and it is said she might have been seen on her way to James-town more than once, as time went on, with small stores of corn for the white men. And when she grew up a white man made her his wife.

But at last a bad wound made Cap-tain Smith go back to Eng-land, and things grew worse and worse in Vir-gin-ia. Food was more and more scarce, and a sad time came, which was long known as "Starving Time." It was in 1609. At last they all made up their minds to go back to their old home. None shed a tear as the sun rose on that day; they had known bad times in the new land, and did not grieve to go. But as their ship made its way down the bay, they met Lord Del-a-ware, with a great stock of food, and new men to swell the ranks. So they were glad to turn back and try the place once more; and in the course of time they throve and built and spread, and that part of the land made a new State, which we know as Vir-gin-ia. In that State was first grown a weed which you have seen men smoke and chew.

The folks in Mass-a-chu-setts went by the name of "Pu-ri-tans." They had left their old home that they might pray to God in their own way, and they thought that their own way was the right one. When men came in their midst who did not think



TO-BAC-CO PLANT.

as they did, they were sent out of the place. There was a class called Quak-ers, or Friends, who were mild, and did all they could for peace ; but they thought they had their rights as well as the rest, and might serve God in their own way. They did not take part in wars, and would not bear arms, They would not hire a man to preach for them ; but when they met, each one spoke as he felt the thought come in his heart. They kept the laws, and did to all men as they would have them to do to them. They said "thee and thou" for "you," and "yea and nay" for "yes and no ;" but this could hurt no one, and it seems strange to us that they were not let stay in the place. They had to fly for their lives, and four were put to death. In these days all men are free to serve God in their own way.

And in that time there was one man to raise his voice for the poor Quak-ers, and all who were like them. This man was Rog-er Will-iams. He held that the State had no right to say what men should think and feel. You may be sure those who were high in place did not like to hear that ; so he had to fly from his home one cold day, and for a time he hid in the woods. But the In-di-ans gave him a home, and one chief made him a gift of a piece of land, which he called "Prov-i-dence," as it was to him like a gift from God. And so the State of

Rhode Isl-and, where this town was built, was known as a place where thought was free. The Quak-ers were glad to find a home in that State, where they could dwell in peace.



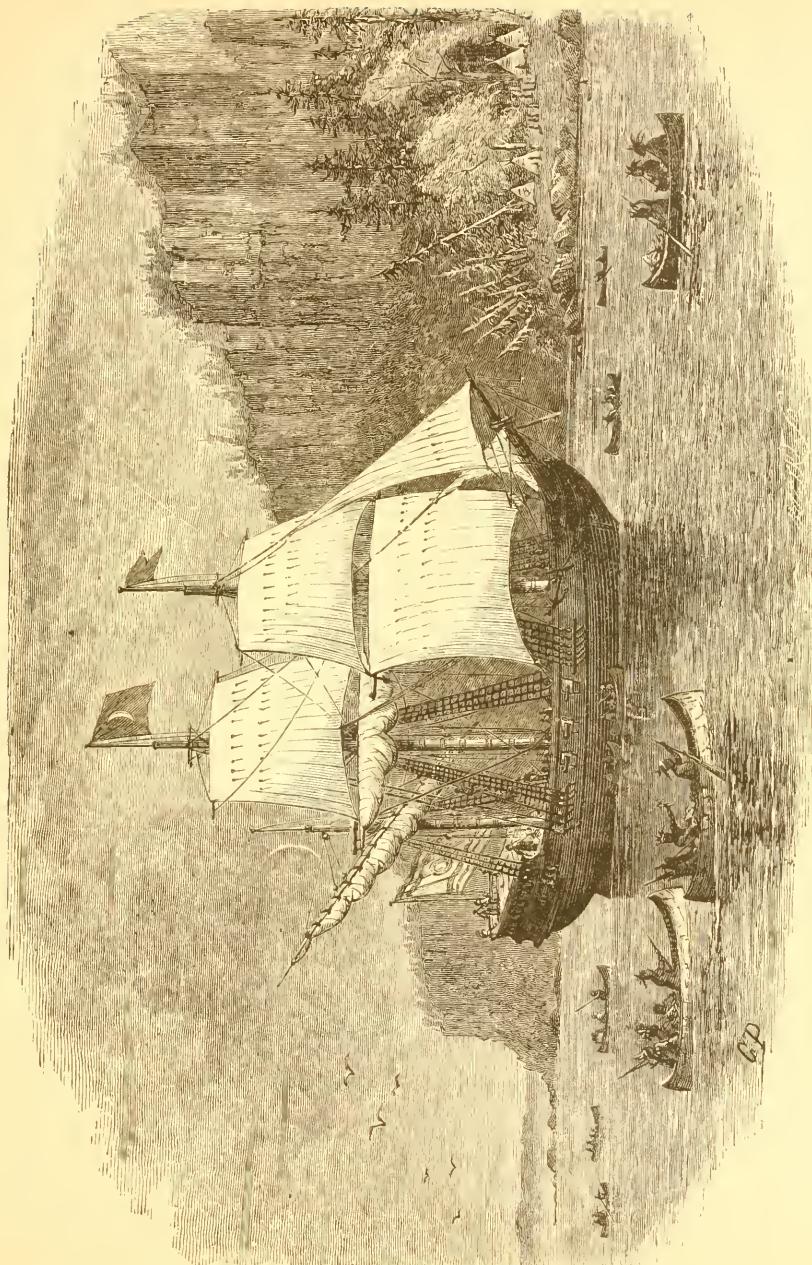
IN-DI-ANS RID-ING.

In 1675, a war, known as King Phil-ip's war, broke out in Mass-a-chu-setts. King Phil-ip was an In-di-an chief who saw that the white man would soon own all the land, and he knew that

meant death to his race. He made a plan to kill all the white men. The first blow fell on the Lord's day, as the folks were on their way home from church. The men flew to arms, and did not dare to lay them down when they were in the field at work, or at their homes. When they went to church they would stack them at the door.

King Phil-ip and his men made their camp in a great swamp, where it was hard for the white men to reach them. Here they laid up a store of food, and had great tribes of red men. They would not fight in the wide fields, but would skulk in nooks, and rush out and hold all the land in fear, for the foe would seem to be on all sides. At last they were made to leave their strong hold, and could find no place to hide. There was a fight, and the In-di-ans fell thick and fast. Phil-ip ran, but one of his own tribe, who had a grudge, shot him dead. He had done all he could for his own folk, but fell by the hand of one of them at last.

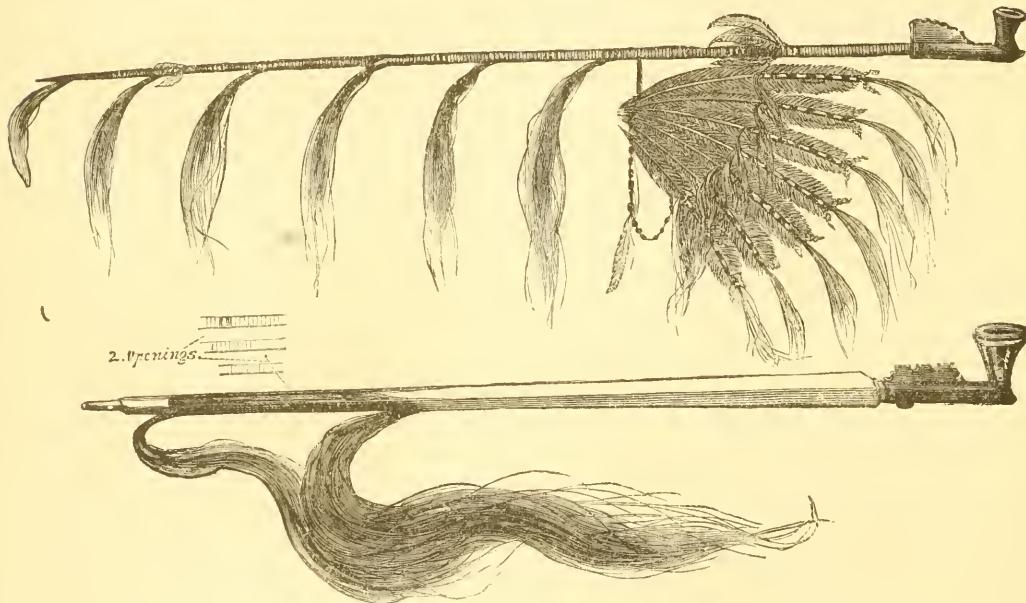
All this time the King of Eng-land was at the head of this land as well, and the men he sent were wont to rule things with a high hand. They would not grant what our men thought to be their rights. Dutch ships had come in to trade for furs with the In-di-ans. Some of the crews stayed here and made their homes in a place they called New Am-ster-



THE DUTCH AT NEW AM-STER-DAM.

dam. It is now known by the name of New York. These first Dutch men bought the land from the In-di-ans, and it was to go to their heirs through all time.

A band of Swedes made their home in Del-a-ware. A Quak-er by the name of Will-iam Penn



IN-DI-AN PIPES.

bought a grant of land from the King. He thought to make a home for all his sect, who had as hard a time in Eng-land as they did here. He sent a band of these men here, and the next year he came too. He met the In-di-ans by a great elm tree. He was a kind and good man, and would not take

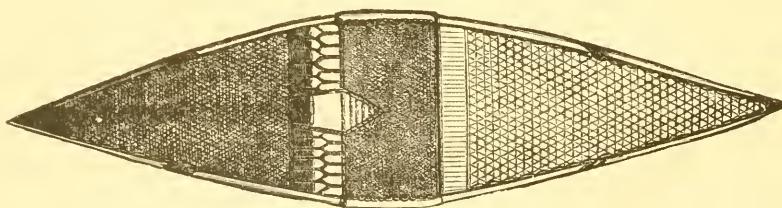
their land from them. He bought it and made them his friends. "We will live in love with William Penn and his heirs," said they, "as long as the sun and moon shall shine." And it is said that to this day a red man is loathe to shed Quak-er blood.

In 1683, Penn bought land from the Swedes and laid out a town, to which he gave the name of Philadelphia. It stood in the midst of a wood, and the wild deer ran by the men who came to take a look at their new home. When Penn came, he sent out a call for all the men to meet in one place, and there he met with them, and they laid out the code or kind of laws they were to have. This code was known as "The Great Law." No one could vote that did not have faith in Christ; and all might pray to God in their own way. So you see the Quak-ers did not wish to force men to think as they did. They felt that was not right or just.

A stylized, handwritten signature of the name "William Penn" in cursive script.

Penn did all he could for his sect, and was mild and good to the red men. He said to them, "We meet on the broad path of good faith and good will. I will deal with you in love. We are one flesh and blood."

So our land grew, and State by State was laid out, and towns were built, and all this time the King of Eng-land was at the head of the whole. There were more In-di-an wars; for the red men gave the new folk no peace. They would come down from the depths of the woods of Can-a-da on their snow shoes, and drag men and their wives



IN-DI-AN SNOW SHOE.

from their beds and scalp them and set their homes on fire. Many a child, too, had to fly with the rest in the cold night, with bare feet and few clothes on, to seek a place to hide from this fierce foe.

In 1754, a war broke out which we call the "French and In-di-an War." The Eng-lish had at this time a great strip of land on our coast which they held as their own. It was like a string to the

great bow of French land, which went from Quebec to New Orleans. Both French and English laid claim to part of the land ; and those who had the wish to live in peace could not but look on in fear.

The French built three forts, and that made all feel that they meant to hold the land. A young man by the name of George Washington, was sent to ask that they should pull down these forts. You have heard of George Washington, I know. You have been told that he was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of all." You have, I am sure, heard the tale of the fruit tree that he cut, and how he could not tell a lie to save him. He was a boy then, and some one had made his heart glad with the gift of a small axe. What should a boy do with such a thing, if he could not cut with it? So George went round to try the sharp edge of his axe, and, as bad luck would have it, he came on a young fruit tree. It may be that the fruit was of a rare kind, and so when it was found that the bark of the tree had been cut in such a way that one could hope for no more fruit, the cry rang out on all sides, "Who has done this deed?"

Our small boy was not at peace in his own mind. He did not know in what shape the wrath might fall on him ; but he came forth in a brave

way and said, "I did it, Father, I can not tell a lie. I cut it." We are glad there has been one boy who could not tell a lie, and we hope there are some in our own times.

So this George Wash-ing-ton, then a young man, was sent to the French man who was at the head of the forts, to say that he must take them down at once. He had a hard time to get there, for it was cold, and the streams were big with the rains. The snow fell and froze as it fell. His horse gave out, and he had to go on foot. He had one man with him, and they struck out in to the woods. They had to cross a stream on a rude raft, and they were caught in the ice. It bore them on with great speed, and when Wash-ing-ton threw out his pole to check the speed, he fell in the stream. But he knew how to swim, and so he got to land. When day came, it grew still more cold, and the stream froze in such a way that he could walk on it to the place where he would be.

The men at the French forts would not say that they would give them up. In fact, they made boasts that they could hold them in spite of all, and so the war went on. The French would dart out and seize Eng-lish ships, and then the Eng-lish would march on the French, and do them all the harm they could. Wash-ing-ton fought on the side of the

Eng-lish in this war. Once the In-di-ans laid in wait for them in the wood, and as the men were on the march with their flags and beat of drum, they heard the fierce war whoop on all sides. The British troops did not know how to deal with such a foe; but our men sprang down and fought them in their own way.

One chief made a vow that he would kill Wash-ing-ton. Four balls were sent through his clothes. Twice his horse was shot. Gen-er-al Brad-dock, who was at the head of the Eng-lish troops, was shot and borne from the field to die. There was a great fright, and the men fled on all sides. Wash-ing-ton did what he could to save them from the foe, like a brave man. But the French went on and built more forts, and our men were at their wits' end to hold their own with foes on all sides.

There were six tribes of the red men who were their friends, and I would tell you their names if they were not too long and hard.

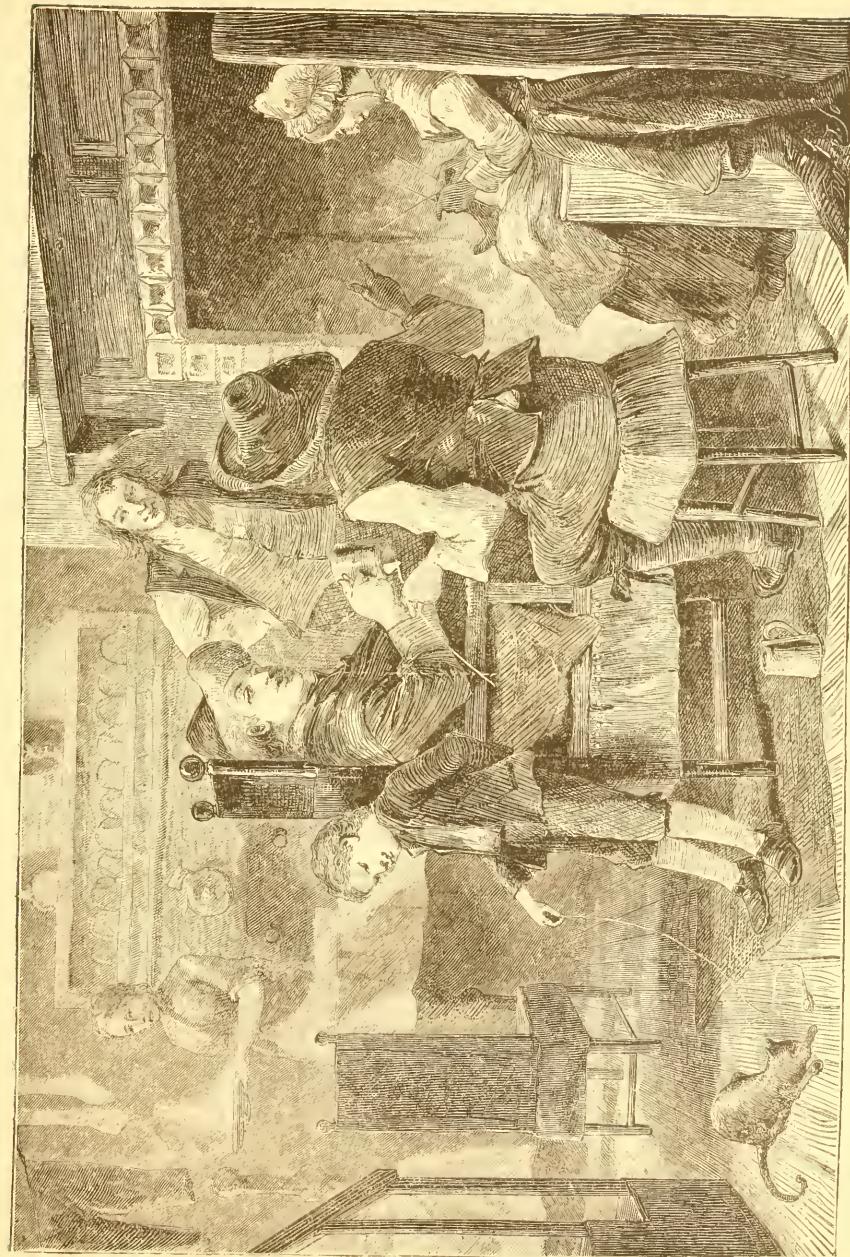
But you will find in the State of New York lakes and streams which bear the same names. We ought to bear them in mind, as they were of great use in those times. So it was thought best for all our men to meet in a town by the name of Al-ba-ny, to fix on a way to keep these six tribes our friends, and to join with them to fight the

French. Al-ba-ny was then a small town with few in it; but it had a stone fort. Here our men met the chiefs and had a talk with them. The chiefs told our clan they were not so wise and brave as the French, or they would build forts like them.

But there was one wise man in our midst, Ben-ja-min Frank-lin. He had been a poor boy, so poor that when he went in to the great town of Phil-a-del-phia, he had but a few cents. But he knew how to print; and more than that he was fond of books, and so could learn all sorts of things. He brought with him a small print on which was shown a snake cut in parts. Each part had on it the name of one of the States. He said they must be made one or die, and that to be one was the way to be great. But our men did not see their way clear to do this yet. We know they made the States one in time.

The death of Gen-er-al Brad-dock was a great blow to their hopes. They saw that all the red-coats, as we call the Eng-lish, were not brave; but could run as fast as the rest. Still they took some forts, with long names, from the French in this war. They made a move on them at Que-bec, with Gen-er-al Wolfe at the head of our troops.

Quebec was one of the strong forts of the world. At first Gen-er-al Wolfe lost at all points. But he



A DUTCH HOUSE-HOLD IN NEW AM-STER-DAM, NOW NEW YORK.

found at last a way to go in boats. With no noise they made their way to land, and up a steep hill, and at dawn the French woke to see red-coats on all sides. Their Gen-er-al Mont-calm led them out of the fort to fight. If he had not, he might have won the day, for the fort was strong. But he chose to fight in the wide field, and so we won.

At the time of the fight, Gen-er-al Wolfe, who had been struck by a death shot, heard shouts of joy, "They fly—they fly!" "Who fly!" came from his white lips. "The French." "Then praise God, I die at peace," he said, with his last breath.

Gen-er-al Mont-calm, too, on the French side, had a wound, and was told he could not live. "I am glad of it," he said, "for then I shall not live to see my town yield to the foe." So you see they were two brave men who fell that day. In five days a peace was made with France; for she gave up most of the land to which she had laid claim.

But there were some of the red men who did not want this peace with the Eng-lish. They had seen the red-coats run away from them, and they thought they might now strike a blow for their own homes and land. The French made them think they would help them. "The King of France has but slept for a time," they said, "but he will soon wake up, and then he will drive the foe from the

homes of the red men, and give them back their land."

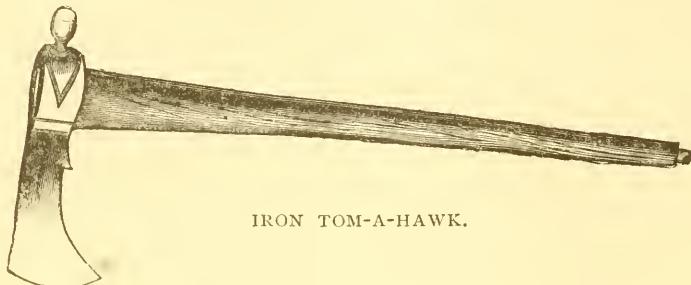
There was one brave chief, Pon-ti-ac, who heard



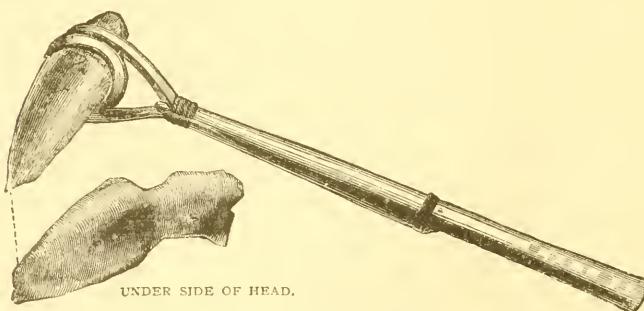
IN-DI-AN CHIEF.

all this with a glad heart. "I will live and die a French man," he said, and he sent men to each

town to bear a belt with red or black beads on it, and a knife with a red stain on it; these meant war. The knife was of the kind with which they were wont to scalp the foe, and the red stain told that deeds of blood were at hand. When this



IRON TOM-A-HAWK.



UNDER SIDE OF HEAD.

STONE TOM-A-HAWK.

belt and knife were kept, Pon-ti-ac knew that the chiefs there would join the war. Their first move was on a fort at De-troit.

This was Pon-ti-ac's plan. He would go some day to the fort with some men and ask leave to come in and show them a war dance. While some

were in the dance, a few would stroll through the fort and see all that could be seen. Then they would go once more as if for a call, with arms hid in their clothes, and strike down the white men when they did not look for it. The first part of this plan went on all right; but one of the squaws, who was a friend to the head man of the fort, told him what the red men meant to do. So when Pon-ti-ac and his men went in the fort, each with his gun hid in his clothes, they found ranks of men with arms to meet them, and they were glad to get out with their lives.

But Pon-ti-ac would not give up, for he made more friends, and laid siege to De-troit in 1763. It was a long siege for the red man, but it held out, though food was scarce, and the men in it felt that they must soon starve. Pon-ti-ac at last had to make peace, and met his own death at the hands of a red man, who was mad with drink; and so the French and In-di-an war came to an end.



CHAPTER IV.

THE WAR THAT MADE US FREE.

FOR a time all were at peace; but at last a war broke out that took more time, and cost more men, than all the wars of the past. You have heard of it, it may be, by the name of the Rev-o-lu-tion.

There are some old men who fought in that war, who are alive this day. You see the cause of this war came out of what our men thought to be their wrongs. They thought the rule of Eng-land too hard, and that they should have their own men to rule them. They would have gone on as they were, if they had thought that Eng-land was just to them; but she put a tax on the things they had to use. She had a large debt to pay, and so she thought it fair our men should help to pay it; and our men held that they ought to have a voice as to what the tax should be, and fix what they knew to be right.

Do you know what a tax means? It meant, in this case, that when our men bought a thing, they had to pay a few cents more than its real price, and these few cents were to go to Eng-land. Of course these few cents from all sides grew to be a good

sum, and was quite a help. Eng-land, at this time, made a law which we know by the name of the “Stamp Act.” This law, which gave to Eng-land a tax on all deeds, was one great cause of the wrath of our men. One man made a speech on it that was put in print, and the boys in the schools spoke it. In all the States men took the same view; so that the Stamp Act may be said to have lit the fire which in time made such a blaze.

In all the States men stood up for what they thought their rights, and they made up their mind that they would not pay this tax on Eng-lish things, but would learn to make them of their own. Men and their wives took a vow that the fine clothes from their old home should not tempt them, but they would spin and weave, and wear what they made, though it might be poor and coarse. One brave dame wrote to her friends, “I hope there are none of us but would wrap up in the skins of sheep and goats to keep us warm, if we must else pay a tax which is not just on the goods of Eng-land.”

The wrath at the Stamp Act grew more fierce each day, and the men who were sent to put it in force did not dare to do so. One was caught and made to say that he would give the thing up. He was made to fling up his hat and cry as they told him, three times, in words which meant that they

were right and the King was wrong. No one was found so bold as to put the Stamp Act in force; and the news went to the King and set him in a great rage. Some of their own great men were on our side, and were glad we did not yield.

At last the King gave up the Stamp Act, but said he had a right to tax us as he chose. There was great joy here at the news that the Stamp Act was to be heard from no more. The bells were rung, and flags were flung out on the breeze, and all who were held for debt were made free. For a year there was no more heard of a tax; but then a new act came. This tax was made on tea and glass, and such things, which were in use all the time. This woke new wrath, and troops had to come out to keep the peace, which our men said they would not bear. The boys from the schools felt the wrong, and would call the "red-coats" in scorn by that name; and the young men made a vow that they would drive them from the town.

There were street fights each day; and the men were more and more set to have their rights. The folk wore the rough clothes which they spun and wove, and would not buy a yard of Eng-lish cloth. Then they sought to find some plant that they might use for tea, so that they would not have to buy tea and pay the tax on it. They must have

had some queer drinks at that time. When the King found they were so set in their way, he gave up all but the tax on tea. Then he sent three large ship loads of it here, in the hope that our folk would want it so much when they saw it, that they would be glad to pay the tax.

But our men had made up their minds that this tea should not land. So when the tea ships came in, a guard was set on them by our men as they lay at the wharf, so that the tea should not be brought to shore. A large crowd of men met in a Hall in Bos-ton, to say what should be done with the tea; and at last they gave out, that if the tea were sent back where it came from, all would be well. But the head man, who was sent here to rule us by the King, would not do this, and said so. When this was told to the crowd, a war-whoop was heard at the porch, and some men in the dress of In-di-ans made a rush down to the wharf, and went on board of the three tea ships, and cast all the chests of tea in the bay. Then they went home in peace and did no one harm. This was the “Bos-ton Tea Par-ty,” and is so known at this day.

At New York and Bos-ton they did not try to land the tea when they heard of this, but took it back. At one time the tea was set on fire. All this made our men more and more set on their own

way; and the King grew in a rage with them. He made some strong laws, sent troops to Bos-ton, and put in force a bill called a Port Bill, which would not let a boat go in or out the port, save that it brought food or wood. One of their own men stood up and said this was a "bill to make us slaves." And the wood and food had to be brought in a new route, and not straight in the bay. Not a stick of wood or a pound of flour could be brought in a row boat, or straight in from a near point; it must all go round to the place where the Eng-lish saw fit, where they could stop it and see just what was there.

Of course this was hard for the good folk of Bos-ton, and they did not bear their wrongs in peace. They had gifts sent them by land—of grain and salt fish and sheep. From the South came flour and rice, and some times gold for the poor. So that the Port Bill made all feel to them like friends, for all towns took up the cause of Bos-ton as their own.

This was just what the wise men at the court of King George had said would be the case. They knew it would make our folk more strong to drive them with hard laws to fight. And so it came to pass, as the two great men, Burke and Fox, had said, King George was set in his way, and would

not change, but did his best to push the laws through. The Boston Port Bill was one of the things that made the States one. For they had but one mind on these harsh laws, and stood as one man for the right. The day when this Port Bill was first put in force, the Town Hall in one of the towns was hung with black, as for a death; the Bill was on it, and the toll of bells was heard all day.

If we could have stood in Boston in those days, we would have seen that there was not much work, and no ships at the wharves but those of Eng-land. There were guns in view, and men with red-coats in the streets. There were tents on the green, and clubs that met each night, to talk of this strange turn in things, and what was best to do. They did not want war, but saw no way to get out of it. Great men spoke of it here and there, and each speech was read at the clubs.

“We must fight,” grew to be the cry. But there were some, of course, who felt sad at all this, who thought it wrong not to do the will of the King in all things. They said this land would come to grief, for we were the ones who had the most to lose by war. These men had the name of “To-ries,” and the rest did not look on them as friends, but held them as foes. Some of these men went back

to their old homes, and came here in the troops of the King to fight their old friends. Some did not go and came round to new views, and took part in the wars that came to pass in time. All knew that the ranks of the King would be made of men who had fought in wars, and were known to be brave; while on our side they would be raw men, who did not know the art of war. But still our men were brave, and they said, with strong hearts, "The strife may be long, but the end is sure. We will fight for our homes, for our lands, for the right. We will be free!"



CHAPTER V.

THREE GREAT FIGHTS.

IN each town, at this time, men thought but of war, and how to train for it; so that in case of need each one could spring to arms at once. Guns were put in a safe place, and stores of food were bought. The Brit-ish in their turn kept watch on all, and more troops were brought in.

Our men made a plan, that when it should be known that a large force of the Brit-ish were to move out of Bos-ton at night, a light should be hung out of the North Church by way of a sign. One night the watch by the Charles saw the light gleam high on the church, and they knew some move was on hand. At once all was stir and noise. Men rode here and there to find out what it meant. One went in a boat, and then took a fleet horse to seek out two of the wise and great men, and see what was best to do. The man who took this ride, and went from house to house with a call to those who slept, was Paul Re-vere. There is a song this day on that ride.

You may be sure there was no more sleep in

a house that night. When he rode by—"Do not make so much noise," said one on guard.

"Noise," said Paul Re-vere, "there will be noise ere long; the foe is on us!"

All this time the Eng-lish troops had made a swift, still march. They thought no one had seen or known their move; but all at once the bells in each church rang out a wild peal. In each town the church bell sent a call to each home. So it was plain that all was known. Paul Re-vere and the scouts had done the work well. The Brit-ish sent back for more troops. They came, and they were told to hold the bridge at Con-cord. But when Ma-jor Pit-cairn, who was at the head of the Brit-ish, came to Lex-ing-ton at dawn, he found a great crowd of men with arms.

"What do ye here?" he said, in wrath, "go to your homes! Why don't ye lay down your arms?" But as they made no move to go, his troops sent forth a fire on them, which they gave back with a will. Eight of our men got their death wounds that day, and this was the first blood shed in the war.

The Brit-ish then gave three cheers and set out on a march to Con-cord. The people of that town made haste to move their stores of food and arms to a safe place in the woods. Their scouts took the North bridge, and could see that the Brit-ish were

in the streets of the town ; that they had set the court house on fire, and cut down the pole, and laid waste the stores they found. So the men on the bridge made up their minds they would try to drive this foe out. There were but few of them, but they had strong hearts.

One of their head men said, “ I have not a man who fears to go.” He was the first who was shot, and fell dead. Still they went on and made a brave fire, so that the Brit-ish set out to run. But they could not go back as they came ; for by this time our men for miles round, came in on all sides. Some were in their shirt sleeves, they had come in such haste ; but each one had a gun in his hand, and took his place back of a tree or stone wall, where he could get good aim. One of the Brit-ish wrote home that the men came so fast, they would seem to drop from the sky.

At each step the Brit-ish troops took, a shot would come from some side, and a man would fall dead. At last such a fear came on our foe, that they broke into a run. They did not know what to do. They had no more shot, and could not give back the fire. One of them wrote, “ They had to lie down for rest on the ground, and their tongues hung out of their mouths like dogs spent by the chase.” All the way to Bos-ton they felt the

fire of our men, and they were glad to get back to their great ships, the men of war, and rest where they could be safe. They had lost three times more men than the A-mer-i-cans.

There was a great stir in the court of the King when the news was brought that their troops had run from a hand full of raw men, who had no skill in the art of war. Poor Lord Per-cy, who had been at the head of the Eng-lish, came in for hard names, though he was a brave man. They were mad, and had to give vent to their wrath on some one. In A-mer-i-ca it was felt that this was the first blow struck; and Sam-u-el Ad-ams, when he heard the news at Lex-ing-ton, said, "Oh, what a grand day this is!" for he knew this strife would not end till all the States were free.

There were some hills near Bos-ton, and our men knew that there was a plan to gain them, and make a place for Eng-lish troops on them. You see, if the foe had such high ground, they could have a grand chance to fire down on those in the town. So our men stole out by night and threw up earth works, and took all the troops they could get from all parts, and put them in charge there. In the mean while they sent their wives and young ones out of the town, so that none but Brit-ish troops were left there. They made no noise in their

march that night; no one heard them, and the bells in the church struck twelve ere they dug a sod. But they were soon at work, and could hear the guard on the man-of-war cry out each hour, "All's well."

When the day came, and the sun rose, the earth works were seen from the ships, and at once they sent out a fire on them. So in Bos-ton the troops woke to see the true state of things, and were not slow to do their best. But our men went on with their work, spite of the shots. One of the foe had a glass through which he could see each move of our men round the works. "Will they fight?" said he. "To the last drop of their blood," said one who stood near.

So they made up their minds to lose no time, but to make a raid on the works that day. It was a hot day in June. Part of our men stood by a rail fence, on the edge of a hill, by the name of Bun-ker Hill; part were back of the mounds which were but half made. Then the rail fence was made to screen the men back of it, by a lot of new mown hay, put in to fill up the gaps.

The Brit-ish troops went in boats, and took their stand on the bank of the Charles. They had two men to our one, and were full of skill in the use of arms. Our men had come in from the farm or the

shop. They did not know what a drill meant; but their place was more safe back of the earth works, while the troops of the foe were out in full sight

in the field. It is a grand sight; the long lines, the red coats and white pants of the British; the white cross belts, the beat of drums, the play of fifes. The sky is clear and hot. Great white clouds sail on the blue. The folks crowd on the roof of each house in the town.

So our men laid in wait, as the troops took up a slow march on them. The English found the day hot, and they had their arms and food

to weigh them down. But they had no doubts, and their march was sure. They would fire now and then, and few shots fell on them. On they came,



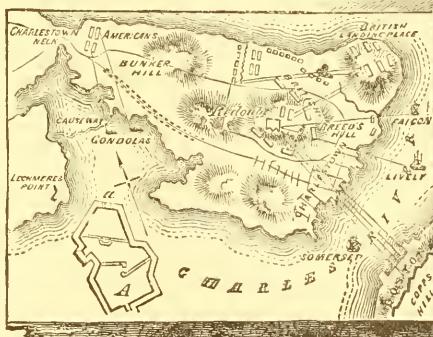
JO-SEPH WAR-REN.

till they got ten rods from the earth works. Then the word rang out on our side, "Fire!" When the smoke was gone it was seen that the dead lay on the ground here and there; and those who were left had set off to run.

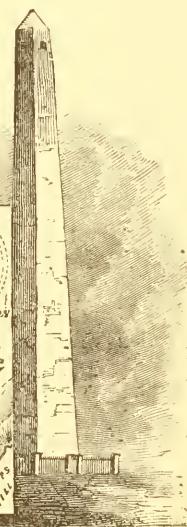
A great shout went up from the forts; a cheer came back from those at the rail fence. They, too, had held back their fire to the last, and then three fourths of those who had set out to chase them fell in the ranks, and the rest ran.

General Put-nam was one of our great men in this fight. When the foe came on, he had said to his men, "Aim low; wait till you can see the whites of their eyes," and their aim was sure.

When they saw the British troops in flight, they thought they would give them chase; but they had no more shot, and so could not make good what they had won. They fell back with sad hearts, one by one, and lost more as they did so than they had done in the fight.



PLAN OF BUNKER HILL.



MONUMENT.

This was the fight of Bunk-er Hill, and though the A-mer-i-cans did not win the day, they made plain to all men that they had stout hearts, and could deal a blow for their rights. In this fight Gen-er-al War-ren lost his life.



FANEUIL HALL.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST IN WAR—FIRST IN PEACE.

THE first thing George Wash-ing-ton was heard to ask when news came of this fight was, “Did our men stand fire?” And when he was told that they did, he said, “Then the rights of our land are safe.” From this day our men took heart and were of good cheer. The Brit-ish lost one in four of their men in that fight; and on our side we did not lose half as much. In Eng-land men did not know what to make of so great a loss to their troops from so small a force as ours.

In this land there was a call for more troops, and George Wash-ing-ton was put at their head. He had shown that he was a brave and true man. He came from Vir-gin-ia, his home, and met the rest 'neath a great elm tree in Cam-bridge. This tree is known as the “Wash-ing-ton Elm” to this day. All felt a wish to see this brave man, who had no small fame; they came from all sides to greet him, and saw a man more than six feet tall, with a broad chest, large hands and feet, a fine face, a clear eye, and the air of one born to rule. He

wore a blue coat, with buff small clothes, and a black plume in his hat.

Wash-ing-ton saw, in his turn, a crowd of men of all sorts and kinds, rude and rough in their looks, and with odd kinds of arms, no two of which were alike, in their hands. Some were in old coats, some in their shirt sleeves. No state suits or gold bands or fine plumes were there. And when Gen-er-al Wash-ing-ton went round to the camp, he found things were in a bad state. Some had straight lines of tents, neat and nice, but most were in small huts made of boards or stones or turf. The food was rough and scarce, and the men had not the first means for war; not as much as would load their guns more than a few times.

It would not have been strange if Wash-ing-ton had felt his heart sink at such a sight. But he went to work in a brave way to do the best he could. Some store ships of food fell, by good luck, in the hands of our men, who had been sent out to get what they could; so that food was not so scarce. But still they had no food for their guns, and could not march on the foe.

The Brit-ish troops still held Bos-ton; but could not get food and wood for fires. The small-pox, too, broke out in their midst. They had to pull down an old house now and then and burn it to

keep warm; and they sent crowds out of the town to be fed. They put troops in each church, and made a play house of the Town Hall. At times they would send out play bills to Wash-ing-ton and his men. They did not want them to know that things were so hard with them.

Once in this hall they had a play on the times. It was meant to show how they were shut in by the foe, and of course to make fun at the same time. In one part, a man in a dress like Wash-ing-ton, with a great wig, and a long sword all rust, came on the stage. By his side was a green lad, with an old gun. This was done to cast a slur on our men. But just then there was a cry, “The Yan-kees are on Bunk-er Hill.” At first this was thought to be a part of the play; but when Gen-er-al Howe said, in a loud voice, “Men, to your posts!” there was great fright. Men ran, their wives fell in a faint, and all felt there was no fun in such a scare. In a short time the Eng-lish left Bos-ton; for they could not be safe from the fire that came down on them from all the hills round.

But they did not give up the fight. When the King and his court heard of Bunk-er Hill, they made up their minds they would rule this land, let it cost what it would. So they cut off our trade as far as they could, and they brought in all the men

they could find from all lands which would give them help. So you may be sure they had a great crowd to come on us and try to bend us to their will. But our folk kept up a stout heart in the face of all. They felt they had gone too far to go back.

There were some wise men who were known

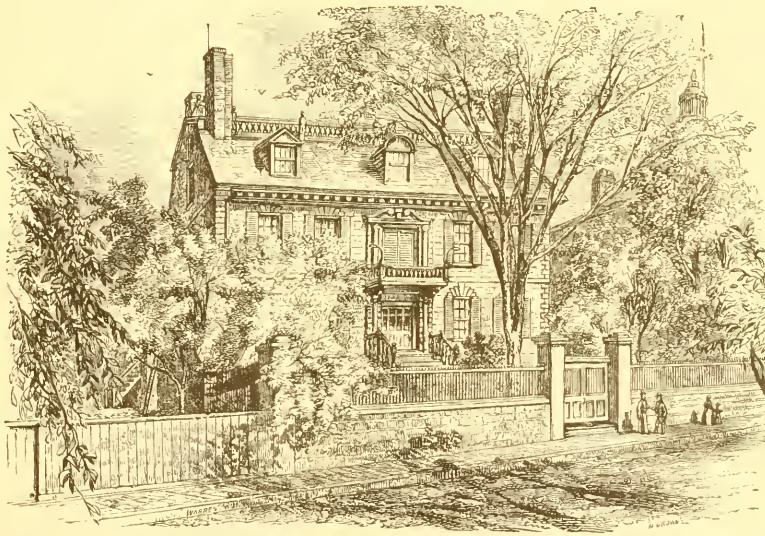
as the "Con-gress," who had met in Phil-a-delphia. They gave it as their mind that "These States are and of right ought to be free;" and they stuck to this text. The troops had to fight, and it was the part of Con-gress to raise the men, the pay, and the arms. It would seem that they had the worst part to do. To be sure, when they thought of the past, they might take heart. In the face of such a foe, it must be

An engraving of Benjamin Franklin, an American statesman, scientist, and Founding Father. He is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark, powdered wig, a white cravat, and a dark coat over a white shirt. He has a gentle smile and is looking slightly to the right.

Benj. Franklin

said, our men had done well. Doc-tor Frank-lin felt that way; but there were some rich men who thought it would be death to the States to make war.

So Con-gress met to see if it were best that they should strike the blow at once that would make them free. They had more than one talk on this, and at first the time did not seem ripe. They were to break all ties with Eng-land, to pay no more tax, and to try to find help if they could, in their fight to be free. Some great men wrote out the plan, and you can still see it in the Hall in Phil-a-del-phi-a. This sheet is called the “Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pend-ence.” It meant that they were



JOHN HAN-COCK'S RES-I-DENCE, BOS-TON.

bound to be free, and so they wrote it down. It was made Ju-ly 4th, 1776, and that is why you hear the noise of fire works and see signs of joy on each Fourth of Ju-ly since that day.

When the men came to sign this Dec-la-ra-tion, the one who wrote his name first, said, "We must be one; we must all pull the same way; we must hang side by side." "Or we shall hang with none

at our side," said Frank-lin. But no doubt there were sad hearts that day, though these words did raise a laugh.

They did not change this dec-la-ra-tion much from the way they wrote it first. There was one clause on the slave trade which the men from the South did not like; so



IN-DE-PEND-ENCE HALL.

it was struck out. There were twelve States—though they did not call them States in those days—that gave their vote for it. New York would not vote at all. The bell of the State House was to ring if the "Dec-la-ra-tion" should pass. This bell had

been put up years since, and one might read on it, though these are not just the words, “Let all the land be free.” So the old man who was wont to ring this bell, put his boy at the door of the hall where the men met.

When at last the Dec-la-ra-tion should pass, the man who kept the door was to make a sign to the boy. You may think how all hearts beat when this boy ran out with a cry of “Ring, ring;” and what a peal of joy rang out from the bell! Then the Dec-la-ra-tion was read to each of the troops, and there were loud cheers on cheers from all sides. That night the form of George the Third, on horseback, which had been wrought in stone, and stood in one of the squares, was laid low in the dust by the crowd.

Yet for all this brave show, the men were sad at heart. They knew how poor they were, and how few, and the true state of the troops, and all that could be brought to put them down. They set out to make a flag of their own; for they had all sorts of flags at this time. One had a pine tree on a white ground, and was known as the “pine tree flag.” On this flag were words which meant, “Call to God for help.”

When Wash-ing-ton came to take the head of the troops, he had a new flag made with stripes of

red and white, as now ; but on one end was a red and white cross, like that which marks the Brit-ish flag. This flag went with our troops in Bos-ton, when the Brit-ish took up their march out of that place. But, by vote of Con-gress, a change was made, and it was said that our flag must have red and white stripes, and white stars on a blue ground —a star and a stripe for each State. Now when they make a new State, they put a new star on our flag. Count them and see how strong we are.

The first man to hoist the new flag was Cap-tain Paul Jones. He was at the head of a man-of-war, and from that ship it was first flung out on the breeze. This is the flag that now waves in town and camp, and on our ships to all the ports of the land. We have more stars now, but the stripes stay the same.

CHAPTER VII.

THE REST OF THE WAR.

UP to this time, most of the fights had been round Bos-ton. But Wash-ing-ton now saw that there would be a move made on New York ; so he sent Gen-er-al Lee to help keep the town, and he soon went there too. Some men came to their aid from the South, and Lord Howe, with a great mass of Eng-lish troops, were there to meet them. Lord Howe had word from King George first to speak of peace, but he did not know to whom he should speak. He wrote a note to "George Wash-ing-ton ;" but our chief would not read it, as he said his true name, as head of the troops, should be on it. So Lord Howe wrote no more. He saw that the hour to fight had come.

At first the A-mer-i-can troops came to grief, and Wash-ing-ton and his men had to make their way back for a time. The Brit-ish took heart from this, and our men were sad. They were poor, and had few clothes, and some had no shoes for that long, hard march ; so that one could track their steps by the blood on the ground.

Wash-ing-ton saw there was no time to lose, and he must strike a swift blow. He knew there were troops of Ger-mans at Tren-ton, and that they still held to the ways of their land. Do you know the name of that day when you have a tree with nice gifts and lights hung on it? It is the day when Christ was born, and which we keep to this time for His sake. Well, Wash-ing-ton knew these folk would cling to the ways of their old homes. That they would keep the feast and be off their guard. So on the eve of that day he set out to march on them with his men. A storm of sleet came up in the night, but they went on, and when the dawn rose, these brave men, who had come through the snow and ice, stood in ranks for the fight. Some one wrote a note, and a man ran all the way to Tren-ton to warn the Ger-mans. But they were at cards. The Gen-er-al had his cards in his hands, and it was his turn to play. He must look at his cards first.

Yes, his life is at stake, but he does not know it. In the dim gray of the dawn our men march in on them. There is the sound of wheels and a shout. Co-lon-el Kall hears the drums beat, and the cards drop from his hands—too late! He got his death in that fight, and all his men were held and bound. These things put our troops in heart once more, and it was the wish of all to go on; but they had a

hard, sad time through the days of storm and cold at Val-ley Forge.

If we could see that camp at Val-ley Forge, in our mind's eye, we would know how much those poor men had to bear in this war to make us free. They had lost some by death, and more were ill. They had so few clothes to put on when they slept, that some sat up all night by the fires to keep warm. At one time there were few who had shoes, and the sick had to lie on the bare ground, for want of straw. The head men had to wear old quilts or bed spreads round in the camp, to keep them warm, for want of the right kind of clothes.

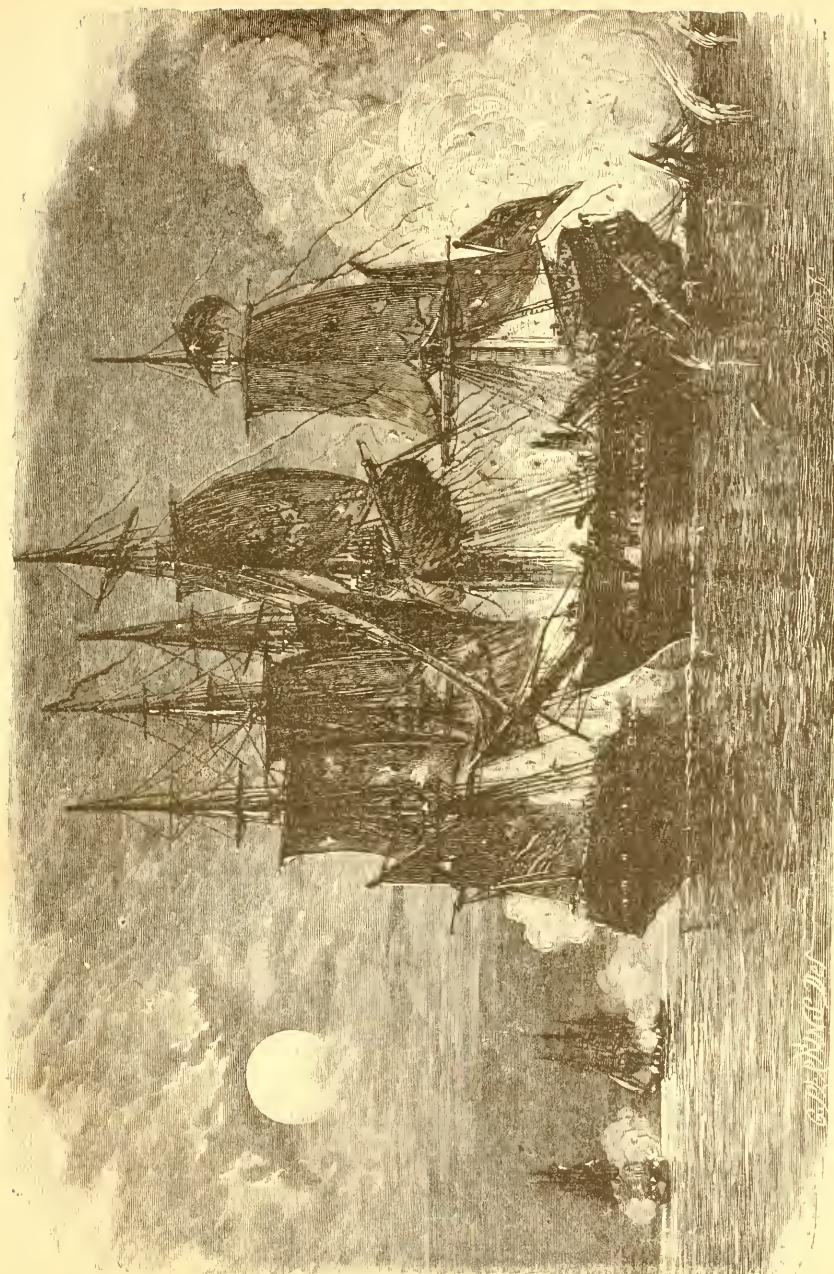
The troops were not paid; or the sort of pay they got would not buy them food. Food was so scarce that, at last, the pass word was, "No food—no man." There were men in this camp who had been at the court of kings; who had fed on rich food, and had wine to drink, and now they were like to starve.

All this time Wash-ing-ton did his best to keep up the heart of his troops. He did not tell Congress how few and worn they were; and there were those who gave him blame that he did not do great things with these few worn out men. All this time the Brit-ish troops in Phil-a-del-phia had what they chose of good fare, and led a gay life. Some of

them, with Gen-er-al Bur-goyne at their head, in the mean time, had two or three fights with our men, but found they did not gain much. At last they were glad to go back. Just as they made a move to do so, our men had the luck to hem them in on all sides in one place and won the day. This was at Sar-a-to-ga. This was good news to those in Val-ley Forge. It brought cheer to them, and they felt brave to go on.

In Eng-land men did not know what to make of our luck. It made a stir in France, where we had friends; and some of their young men came here to join our troops. We had some great French men with us at that time. One whose name is still held in love by all—the great La-fa-yette.

At this time France made a vow to us that she would stand our friend, and give us aid. When this was known in Eng-land, fears rose on all sides; for they knew how much help France could give, and how strong it would make us. They sent men over to talk to us of peace, but it was too late. The A-mer-i-cans had no thought but to be free, and they would take no less than that. But these men still came, and thought they would see what bribes could do. A large sum of gold was held out to Gen-er-al Reed, if he would aid their cause. He said, “I am not worth so much; but such as I am,



PAUL JONES'S SEA FIGHT.

App. 11. 1812

the King of Eng-land has not so much gold as would buy me!"

But the aid from France was less than they thought it would be. Fleets were sent, but they gave small help to the cause. And so the war went on for three years more. At times our men would make a good fight, and then there would be dark days when the foe had things all his own way. The Eng-lish had paid some tribes of In-di-ans to fight on their side; and once there was a sad scene, where men and their wives and babes were put to death by these fierce wild men. This was not war, of course. We give it a much worse name.

Then there were sea-fights. In one of these, the men on the ships fought three hours, and the ships took fire more than once; but at last the Brit-ish gave up. In that ship the man who took the lead on our side was Paul Jones.

There is a tale told of what the brave wife of one of those men, to whom we give the name of Friends, did for our cause at this time. Gen-er-al Howe made his home in her house, a long low brick one, at Tren-ton. He said to her one day, "I want to have some friends here to night, and I would like to have the spare back room to meet them in."

"It shall be as thee says," said Friend Ruth.

“See that all the folks in the house are in bed at a good hour,” said Gen-er-al Howe.

“I will move that they go,” said Friend Ruth.

So when the men came to see Gen-er-al Howe that night, it was all still in the house. Friend Ruth let them in.

“You may go to bed and stay till I call,” said Gen-er-al Howe.

Ruth went to her room and lay down awhile; but did not take off her clothes. She must know what these men meant to do. At last she took off her shoes and went to the door of the room, and put her ear to the key hole. This is what she heard. Some one reads, “Our troops will make a move by stealth on the foe, and we will take them ere they know we are on them!”

There was no more sleep for Friend Ruth that night. She lay in her bed till dawn; but all her aim was to think of a plan to help our troops, and not to let them fall in the snare. At last she hit on a plan to get out of the lines. She was in need of some flour; and to get flour, she must go to a grist mill, for they did not sell it at stores in those days. Gen-er-al Howe could not say he would not let her get flour, as he ate at her house; so he gave her a pass. While they ground the grist for her at the mill, she rode on as fast as she could, till she came

to one of our guards. She said some words to him in a low voice, and rode back, got her flour, and was home in no time.

When Gen-er-al Howe came on our troops the next day, he found them all drawn up in rank and file in good trim to meet him. He thought it best not to have a fight at all; and it was a strange thing to him how they could have known of his move.

Down in the South there were brave men at the head of our troops. One was Ma-ri-on, who led his men through the woods by paths that were known to few. They gave him the name of the "Swamp Fox," and the Brit-ish cast slurs on him, and said he would not come out for a fight in a bold way, but took their posts at night, and when they were off guard. But he gave them a proof of what he could do, when he and Greene fought them and won the day in a fair field. Greene made such a name in this fight that he took rank next to Wash-ing-ton from that time.

We have to tell a sad tale now of one of our own men—a man, too, who had won fame in the war. He had shown that he was brave; but men did not like him much, for he thought more of his own gain than of his land, and he had the wish for a high place, which he did not get. His name was Ben-e-dict Ar-nold, and his bad act was, that he

made a plan to sell his own land to the Eng-lish. He wrote to the foe all he could of the moves our troops were to make, and their state, but he did not sign his own name. Once he had his camp at the head of some men at West Point, and he made up his mind to give this place, which was strong with forts, to the Brit-ish. This he would have done, and the whole land would have come to grief, but for a chance that brought the vile plan to light.

One day a young man rides down the path by the stream. There is a wood of oak near. On the ground, by the trees, there are three young men. They have a game of cards. They have been out all night, and have sat down to rest.

They hear the sound of hoofs.

“Some one on his way to New York for trade,” says one.

His friend peers out. “No; his clothes are too good for that,” he says.

All three spring to their feet, and cry, “.Halt!”

The man on the horse stops, and says, “I hope you are on our side.”

“Which side is that?” cry the men.

“The side of the King.”

“All right,” they say; for they wish to find out more.

“Thank God, I am once more with friends!” he

says, as he takes out his gold watch. "I must get on. I am in great haste."

"We can not let you go," say the men.

"But I have a pass."

"Whose?"

"Gen-er-al Ar-nold's."

"You must get off your horse."

"But, I tell you, you will get in a scrape if you stop me. Read this pass."

"No good. You said you were Brit-ish; we must search you."

"I have naught."

"We will see. Take off your coat."

The coat is laid off, and the boots. Ah, what is this? The hand of Ar-nold in this; and "West Point" the date. A shout went up, "He is a spy!"

He was a young Eng-lish man by the name of An-dré. He took his watch and purse, and said he would give them all, if they would let him go free. They would not, but took him to the near A-mer-i-can Post to try him. Of course, what Ar-nold had done all came out. He had known this would be the case, for as soon as the news was brought that An-dré was in the hands of our men, he took leave of his wife, gave a kiss to his boy, and sped on his



MA-JOR AN DRÉ.

way to an Eng-lish ship. He got to Eng-land, and was paid a large sum of gold ; and they gave him a fine place at the head of some troops ; but no man would make a friend of him. The Eng-lish had been glad to use him, but they would not take him by the hand.

You may think what a life he had. His own land had cast him out, but he came back to fight her at the head of the foe. But the new land where he had made his home had no real place for him. Once in the great house in Eng-land, where the wise men meet to talk of their laws, one rose to make a speech. But when he saw Ar-nold in a seat near him, he said, “I will not speak while that man is in the house.” Long years after, when one of the great men of France had it in his mind to come to this land, he went to Ar-nold for some notes to his friends. Ar-nold said, “I was born in A-mer-i-ca. I spent my youth there ; but Ah ! I can call no man in A-mer-i-ca my friend.”

In the mean time An-dré, the young Eng-lish man, who had met Ar-nold, and got the plans which were to give us up in to the hands of the foe, was shown to be a spy. There was but one doom for a spy. He must be hung. All felt for his fate. He was young, and had a fine face, and the air of good birth ; but his hour had come. Tears were

shed at his death ; though he was our foe. All knew he was a brave man, who had not been slow to risk his life in the cause of his land. He thought he was right, and took all means to serve his own ends. For Ar-nold, who would have sold his own, there was but hate, and they gave him a name which would serve to show what his crime had been to all time—Ar-nold the Trai-tor !

All this while the French had been our friends ; but they had not met with a chance to show what they could do, till a great fight came which made an end of this war. This was at a place by the name of York-town, in Vir-gin-ia. Wash-ing-ton was there with his troops, and the French Gener-al, who had a hard name, which you may learn one of these days, was with him at the head of his men. They took the best works of the Brit-ish, and made such a brave stand, that Lord Corn-wal-lis thought it would be wise to leave by night, with all his troops. But a storm came, and they could not get off, so they all had to give up to Wash-ing-ton.

There was a grand scene that day, in the fall of 1781, when Wash-ing-ton and his French friends stood in two ranks, and their old foes took up a slow march by them, and laid down their arms as they went. Great was the joy in all the land when

the news was known. Those who woke that night in Phil-a-del-phia, heard the watch cry, “Past two o’clock and Corn-wal-lis is ours!” When the news came to Con-gress, they sent out word for a day to be set, in all the States, to give thanks to God, and all who were held for debt, or for crime, or what cause it might be, were set free, that they might share the great joy.

Well might they all be glad, for this meant the end of the war. It had cost them dear in gold as well as lives; but it had been worse for Eng-land than for them. The sums she had spent were vast, and one could not count the lives she had lost. Add to this the fact that she had lost this great land, which had once been all her own, and now was made free. Our land now took a new name. You can read it, I know, though it is not in short words, “The U-nit-ed States of A-mer-i-ca.”



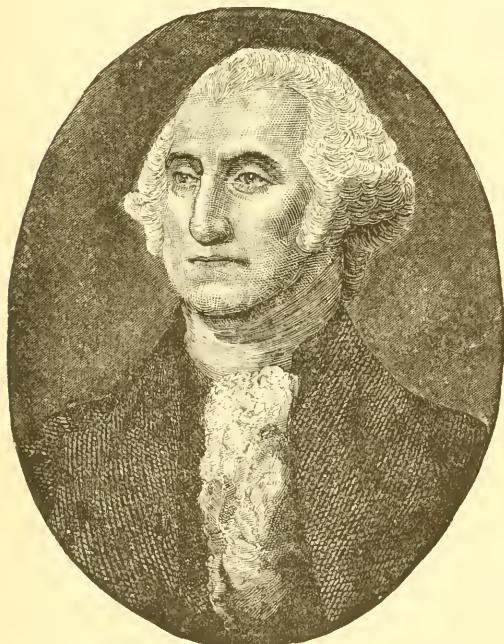
CHAPTER VIII.

IN TIMES OF PEACE.

WHEN peace came, the men who had been in camp went to their own homes. They were all poor, and did not know what to do. There was no

gold in the land, but a kind of cash which was so bad that it took more than you could count to buy a pair of shoes. General Wash-ing-ton found his task more hard to keep all in good cheer, now there were no fights on hand, than when they were at war. There had to be a tax on some things to keep all right, and they did not want to pay the tax, or their debts at this time. Wash-ing-ton felt

that things were at loose ends, and he must make them more strong.



GEORGE WASH-ING-TON.

Each State had a wish to be first; and it would seem that, with no foe to fight, they were on the point of war with their own selves. There was need of a strong hand to rule the whole land. So men were sent out of each State to meet in Phil-a-delphia and talk of the best plan. They had a long talk, and at last wrote what we call the “Con-sti-tu-tion.” Ten of the States gave it their vote at once; but three held back for a while.

There were grand times in our land when it was known that the Con-sti-tu-tion was to be our guide; that we were to be in truth, “The U-nit-ed States of A-mer-i-ca,” with one will, one aim, one soul as it were, while time should last.

A great crowd came out in Phil-a-del-phia to show their joy. Each trade had its men there, with the tools of the trade in their hands. There was a grand car, made in the shape of that bird which we chose as the sign of our land. It was drawn by six steeds, and in it sat those who were to judge the folk in our great courts. They held a staff, and on it was our “Con-sti-tu-tion,” in a frame, and on the top of the staff a cap, which we might call the cap of the free—a kind they were fond of in France at that time. There were ten ships on the river, gay with flags and gilt, to show forth the ten States that had cast their vote in the right way.

George Wash-ing-ton was made the first Pres-i-dent, and as he took his way to New York, which was then the seat of rule, he met joy and kind words on all the route.

At Tren-ton, where he had fought, there was an arch thrown out on a bridge, where he must pass. This was hung with wreaths, and young girls stood with hands full of sweet buds and bloom, which



WASH-ING-TON MADE PRES-I-DENT.

they flung in his path, as they sung a song to greet him, and thank him for all he had done.

As he drew near New York, a barge came out to meet him. It had a crew all in white, and was meant to show the States—a man for each State. Then more boats came to join them, with our flag

on each. Wash-ing-ton was led in great state to his new home. When the time came for him first to meet with the folk and take the oath to be true to the Con-sti-tu-tion, there was such a rush to the place that some one said, "One might walk on the heads of the crowd." When Wash-ing-ton came out where all could see him, and the oath was read to him, and he took it, a great cheer rent the air, and a cry rang out, "Long live George Wash-ing-ton, Pres-i-dent of the U-nit-ed States." There was a flag flung out from that Hall, a peal of bells rang, and a blast was sent out from the guns, to show the joy and the love with which they took him for their chief. This was on April 30, 1789.

War is bad for all folks; for it is hard, when it is past, for men to learn the arts of peace. Wash-ing-ton found the whole land in debt. They did not want a tax, and the red men were still their foes. But in a few years he made a great change. The In-di-ans were put down, and France and Spain and Eng-land were brought to deal with us as friends. It was a man by the name of John Jay, who wrote out the terms with Eng-land, and so we had peace for a time.

Just then there was a great fight in France, not with a foe, but in their own midst. The men there had seen how our land had won the day, and they

had a mind to be free and have no King. They did not go at it in the same way that we did; but shed much blood of their own folk, and cut off the heads of their King and Queen, and did things which made good men sad. But they said they did it all to be free. There was a reign of fright for a time. But at last, the mob could rule no more, and they were glad to take a King.

Wash-ing-ton kept up great state, for those times, in his own home, and when he drove out he had a state coach, cream white in hue, and drawn by six steeds on state days. He took but one horse on the Lord's day, when he rode to church. This coach was of the shape of a half sphere, and had wreaths, and the forms of small fat boys with wings, drawn on it in gay tints. He set days for all to come and see him in his home. Those who came would see Wash-ing-ton in front of the fire place, and near him the band of great men who gave him help with their wise words. He would be seen in a coat of black, with a vest of white or pearl, and buff gloves. His hair was made white with a kind of dust they had in use in those days; and it was put in a sort of silk bag at the back of his head. That was a queue.

He would have his hat in his hand, and he wore a long sword. He did not shake hands with

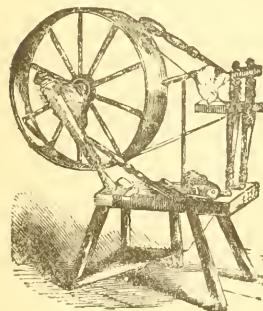
his guests, but made them a bow, and had some word for each. His wife, too, had times for her friends to come; and all must be in full dress—the dames in low necks and short sleeves. On the birth day of Wash-ing-ton, men would meet to dine in all the large towns; and those who made rhymes would write odes to the great man. There were some who did not like all this state and form and show. They thought it was too much like the style of kings in the old land, and they would have been glad to have a new mode here. They did not wish to see a Judge in a robe of red, or the man who was to preach in the church in a wig, with gown and bands. They were for plain dress and plain ways.

You may see now bits of the stiff, rich silks of those days, or it may be a quaint old gown, rich in lace, which has been kept from that time. You may see in your mind the dame who wore it, as she waves her fan, sent from France, with the head of Wash-ing-ton on it. The hair of this dame would be drawn high on her head, and made white with the dust of which I spoke, and put in great puffs. The men whose trade it was to dress hair in those days had such a crowd of folks to fix, that they had to get up at four to do the work. I have heard of great dames who sat up all night to

keep their hair in good style for some ball, or the play. The men, too, thought quite as much of dress as their wives, and in those days they did not wear plain cloth suits as now. Then a man put on a wig, and a white stiff stock, that held up his chin; a vest of white silk, it may be with rose-buds on it, and all the rest of his clothes were rich.

It was the mode to have a snuff box in those days; it might be of gold, or some dear stuff, with much work on it, and when one met a friend they would be as sure to stop and take a pinch of snuff as to lift the hat in our time.

They gave Balls in those days, which were quite grand, but they did not dance in the same way as now. They had all sorts of slow steps and bows. There was a kind of stiff grace in their style, and some would like it more now, than the rush and whirl of our mode of to-day. The dames were borne in a sort of chair through the streets to these Balls.

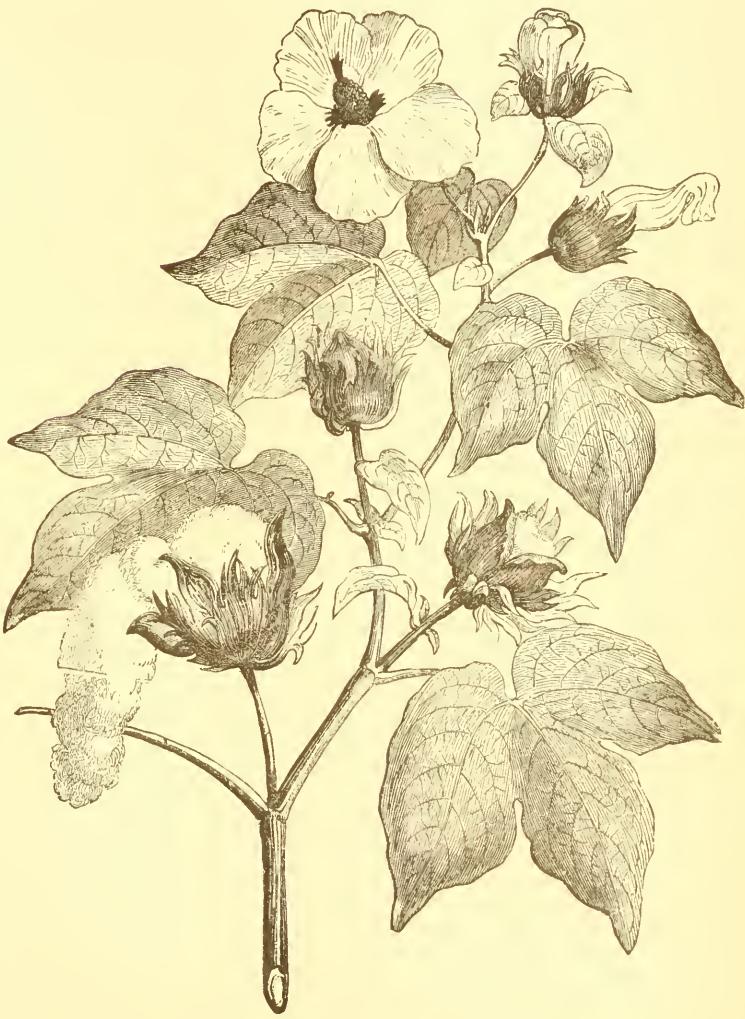


SPIN-NING WHEEL.

All this was the way of life with the rich. The poor still wore the clothes they spun and wove, and they made their own lights, and struck fire with two flints. They had not seen a match then, and did not dream of gas, or of the strange new light which has

been found in our time. They went to bed with the chicks, and rose when the cock crew. The towns at the North throve the best. At the South towns were few, and in the far West the foot of man had not yet found its way.

Those brave men who had first come to this land, had seen here and there in the South a strange plant. It had a sort of bulb full of a fine white down, and those who had seen it in



COTTON PLANT.

hot lands knew it could be spun, and cloth made from it. It was not hard to make it grow; but the white fluff was so full of seeds that it took a whole day to get a pound free from them. Wise men saw in this plant a great fund of wealth for the States. So they set to work to find a quick way to take the seed out.

There was a man in the East who heard of this, and set his brain to work. He was a young man by the name of E-li Whit-ney; and he had not seen the plant when he took it in his head that he could find a way to "gin" it; for that is the name of the work. He had to walk all the way to one of the towns at the South, to get the seed, and as he had no tools or wire, he had to make them. You may think that was slow work, but he had a strong will, and when he had made a rude "gin," he bade his friends come and see how it would do. All saw that it would work well; but some thieves broke in his house at night and stole it. So there was a long time that the man who made the "gin" got nought for it. For those who stole it made gins like it and sold them. These gins did the work well and fast, and so there grew up a great trade for us in this soft white fluff.

It is made in cloth for you to wear, and is spread on your beds, and will take all sorts of

bright dyes. We sell it to all the world, and wealth flows in on all sides. This would not have been the case had not the young man, E-li Whi-
ney, made the “gin.”

The death of one of the great men of the land came to pass at this time. We have told you of Ben-ja-min Frank-lin. He was born in Bos-ton, and he was the son of a poor man. But he knew how to print, and he set up a press in a room where he could print each morn the news of the day. He did not scorn to sell all sorts of wares as well, such as rags, ink, soap, and such things. He had read a great deal, and found out more than those round him knew. You have seen the sharp light play in the dark clouds in a storm. You know that it strikes at times; it may be a house or a barn or a man, and that the one who is struck is apt to die.

Well, Frank-lin thought that this light could be drawn down from the skies, and when he heard a laugh at this, he set to work to prove it. He sent his son out one day in a storm, with a kite in his hand. As a low black cloud went by, they saw the fierce light tear through it; it would seem that the light ran down the string of the kite. Frank-lin had put a key on this string, and when he made his friends touch that key, they drew sparks from it. So they saw that he had found out

a great thing ; and from that has come the plan of the rods that are now put on a house to keep it safe in a storm. This gave him fame here and in the rest of the world. He was sent to France and made strong friends for us there. He is said to have done more good works for his land than all the rest of the men of his time. So it is not strange that all felt sad when death took him from us.

The French, too, met in their great hall to mourn his loss ; and one of their chiefs said, "The sage whom two worlds claim as their own is dead ;" and they wore crape on their arms for three days, for his sake.

While Wash-ing-ton had the rule of the land, more new States came in. The first of these was Ver-mont. This State was full of green hills and strong brave men, who had cut down the trees and made homes there. Once New York laid claim to this land, but they could not drive these brave men out. They thought they had a right to the soil, and they sent a man, by name E-than Al-len, to talk with the men of New York. He was met with gibes and sneers, but he would not yield. He said to them in words from the good Book, "Our gods are gods of the hills, so they are more strong than yours."

So when the men from New York came to

drive out those who had made homes in the midst of these hills, they found a stout foe. The Vermont boys would take those who came and tie them to trees and whip them with rods from the beech trees. To this they gave the name of "the beech seal;" and those from New York did not care to have the "beech seal" put on them more than once. They grew mad, of course, and they sent out bills in which they set forth that they would give a good price for the head of E-than Al-len. But in time peace was made in these two States, when they had fought side by side in the great war. And so Vermont was brought in and took that name, which means "Green Hills."

The next State that came in was Ken-tuck-y. This land was next to Vir-gin-ia, and for a time held to be a part of that State. The first man who made his way through its wild woods and hills was Dan-i-el Boone, who had won a name for the way he could go in to the nooks and glens and trap wild beasts for their fur. He took a small band of men with him, and they had no fear, but went far in where man had not yet trod, to hunt or fish, or make salt at the "Salt Licks" or springs. He built forts and held them with his few friends for quite a time, spite of the red men. But once they took him and bound him, and thought they could make him

one of them; so much did they like his strength and pluck, but he got free. When men heard of his brave deeds, more came to help him. The most of them were from Vir-gin-ia, and brought their slaves with them.

The In-di-ans were in a rage at all this new force, and made the best fight they could to drive them from the soil; so that whole land came to be known as the "Dark Land of Blood." In time, peace was made, and the land grew to a State by the name of Ken-tuck-y.

Wash-ing-ton held his post for two terms, or eight years, and he did not wish to serve more. So John Ad-ams was the choice of all, for the next chief of our land.



PALMETTO TREE.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW MEN AND NEW LAWS.

JOHN ADAMS was one of the men who gave his help to write out the “Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pen-dence,” of which you have been told. That was, as you know, the first step to make us free. In it we had made known that we would make our own laws, and no one should rule us but those in our own land. John Ad-ams had gone to France at the end of the great war, and had been one to help make the French our friends. In his time, Wash-ing-ton was made the home of the Pres-i-dents.

This town took its name from our great chief, and he was the one to pick out a place for the new site. This home we call the White House. At this time France did not seem to hold to the old ties that had made us friends. When our men were sent to her courts, she would not hear them, and there were some sea fights with our ships. It would seem that a new war must come out of this, and Wash-ing-ton had a call from his home to take the head of the troops. But there was no war, for Na-po-le-on, a young man, who had shown great tact

and strength, got things in his own hands in France, and we made peace through him with the French.

There were some who did not like John Ad-ams, for the laws that he made. One of these laws gave him the right to seize and send out of our States those who came here from strange lands, though none could prove they had done wrong. So, though he was a great man, he did not get votes for a new term.

And now the hour had come when Wash-ing-ton must die. All felt how much they were in debt to him, for the way he had led them in the war, and his wise rule in time of peace. He had made all men his friends in the end, and in the great hall at Wash-ing-ton, it was then said—the words live to this day, that he was “First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of all.” He was sick a long time; and his last words were: “I die hard, but I do not fear to go!”

No new States came in while Ad-ams had the rule; but the land grew in worth, and more homes were made here. But there was a great stretch of wild land still, where the bears and the wolves could prowl in the woods at will, and no smoke from the fire on a home hearth was seen in the air.

Jef-fer-son was the third man whom the land chose to be their chief. He was well known as one

of the first to frame the Dec-la-ra-tion. At this time there was a war of France with Eng-land, and we had hard work to keep clear of both. For France had made a law that we should not help her foe; and Eng-land had done the same. And both sides would take our ships at sea, if they thought they made trade with the foe. So our ships had hard times, and did not know what way to steer, lest one should seize them and take all they had on board. More than this, Eng-land said she had a right to search our ships and see if we had her men on board of them, and to take such if found. And once or twice it came to pass, that they took the whole crew of a ship, so that there was not a man left in it to sail it.

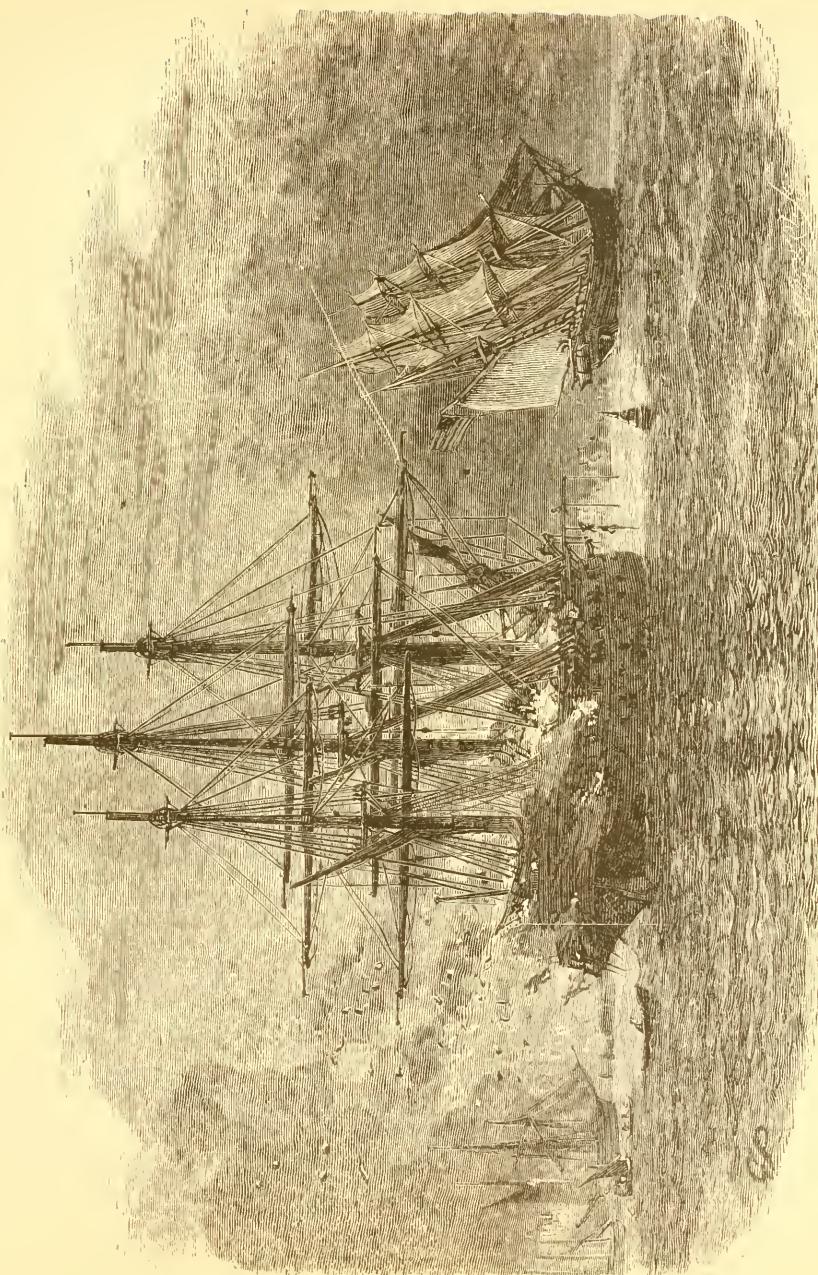
One day a man-of-war went to search one of our ships for men, they said, who had run from them. They were in sight of one of our forts; but when our men would not let the search be made, a fire was made on our ship, and they took four of the men, and hung one of them. This was bad for our trade, and made a great stir in our midst, and woke up the old wrath at Eng-land.

So Con-gress, with a wish to give Eng-land tit for tat, as you would say, made a law that we should not trade with her, and our ships should not go out of our own ports. But this, you know, hurt us more

than it hurt Eng-land; and, for a time, Jef-fer-son came in for a share of the hard thoughts, as though it were all his fault. Those whose trade had been hurt by the law felt as if he had been to blame, and the cause of loss to them. There were, too, on the sea a band of sea thieves, as we might call them. They were men who came from a wild race, far off, who would seize ships when they could, and take all the crew and hold them for slaves, till their friends would pay a good price for them. It was no strange thing in those days to hear read out in church the names of those who were slaves to such men. Great sums of gold were sent to set our men free. At last we made some terms with these thieves of the sea, but they would not keep the peace.

Then John Ad-ams sent out four ships to fight these men. We did not own but six war ships in those days. One of these had the bad luck to run on the shore in that strange land, so the foe took it, and the crew were made slaves. There was a brave young man in one of our ships, who made a plan to get back the lost boat, which had the same name as the town of "Phil-a-del-phia." He thought if we could not get her from the foe it would be best to burn her, so that they could not use her for their own ends. So he took a small boat which had

DE-CA-TUR BURNING THE "PHIL-A-DEL-PHIA."



been won from the foe in a fight, and put some of our own men in her, and stole up to the side of the "Phil-a-del-phia" by night. If he was seen—it was thought to be a boat load of friends—but they soon went to work, and when they got on board, the fight was short and fierce. The "Phil-a-del-phia" was theirs in no time; but they found they could not move her, so they set her on fire, and set sail once more, and did not lose a man. All this won a name and fame for the young man, whose name was De-ca-tur, and in time there grew up such a fear of him in those wild States that they were glad to make peace and take no more slaves.

Jef-fer-son's mode of life was not like Wash-ing-ton's had been. He did not care for fine things or a state-coach, but was plain in all his ways. He did not go to the House in a coach and six, but rode on a horse which he would tie to a post while he went in to read his speech. In time he did not go at all, but sent the speech to be read by some one, and so it is done in our day. He had no state times for the folk to come and see him; but on New Year's day and the Fourth of July his doors were flung wide, and all might call who had the wish to do so. He did not let men know when his birth day came, so that no feasts should be kept, and odes made on it. He made the debt of the

land less in his time. He thought that all men had a right to vote, and at that time there were those who did not hold such views.

There was one law that came to pass in Jef-fer-son's time. This was to keep out the slave trade.

At the South the rich men did not like to live in towns. A man of wealth bought land and was fond of life on his place as our friends the Eng-lish are. He would have a large house and lawn and fine old trees, and he was glad to give good cheer to his friends when they came to see him. The man of the South was free with his good

things. He rode round his place once a day, to see that all was kept well. His slaves were for the most part well fed. They were as a class light of heart and fond of dance and song. When work was done they would meet at night and sing their wild songs, for which they made up their own words. They took small thought for the past or for what



SLAVES IN FIELD OF SUGAR CANE.

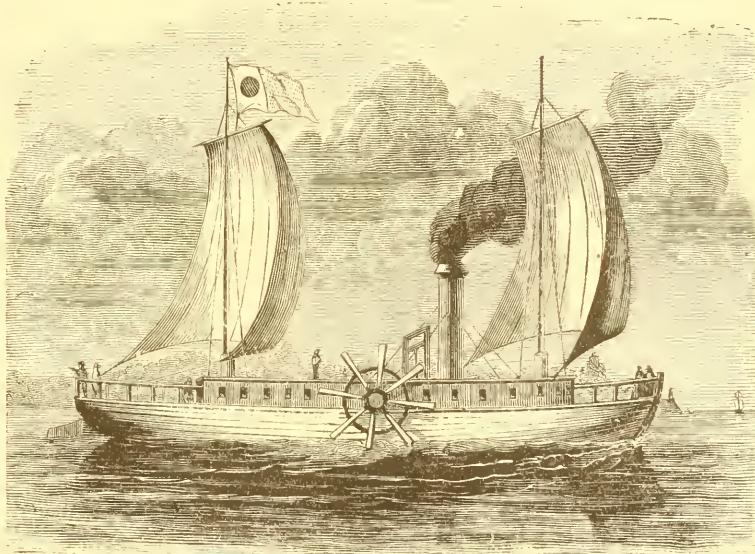
was to come. If they had their hoe cake and their bit of fat pork to eat with it, they were all right. But there were those who took thought for them.

In the States there was no law to say that slaves should not be bought and sold, and so this went on till the last war.

One grand thing that came to be made in the time of Jef-fer-son was the steam boat. There were ships with sails, and boats that went by oars, but none that went by steam. The first one that was made would go four miles an hour; but it was not on the same plan as those we have now. The first made like those now in use, was built by Rob-ert Ful-ton, in 1807. Men then had not much faith in it, and would laugh at it as they do at most new things. Ful-ton said no one spoke a kind word of it; but when they came to see the launch, and took note of its speed, those who came to mock were glad to cheer.

The first steam boat made on his plan was the "Cler-mont," and went at the rate of five miles an hour, spite of wind and tide. As it went on its way, it sent such a great mass of sparks up in the air, and the noise of its wheels was so loud that when the crews of the ships that came in its way saw it, they would drop on their knees in fright,

and pray to be kept safe from this strange thing. But, in time, more were made, and men saw that there was naught to fear in these great steam boats,



FUL-TON'S "CLER-MONT" STEAM-ER.

though they did seem to breathe out fire and smoke. Still, at first, they did not dare to cross the sea in them.

There was a great tract of land in the west, which Jef-fer-son bought for the U-nit-ed States from the French. Part of it is now known as the State of Lou-i-si-ana, and took its name from the French King. One of the great streams of the world runs through it. Do you know its name?

Jef-fer-son sent men to find out all they could of

this land he had bought; what kind of tribes of red men were in it, what wild beasts were in the wood, and what sort of plants grew there. These men took with them food, fire arms, and gifts for the chiefs of the red men. They were gone two or three years; and made their camps in the woods, when the cold and storm were so great they could not go on. They went up the great stream to the falls where no white man had been, and then they went on and found the source of the stream. They wrote of all they saw, and men read it in their homes. They read of new tribes of red men; of herds of wild beasts, so large that one herd would take up a stream a mile wide. They said some of tribes were poor, but some had good homes and fine steeds, which they would sell for a few beads. They found, too, they could make a great trade for furs with these tribes. There was one man who made a post for this trade. It is said he bought furs by the weight, and would put his hand or foot in the scale, and call it a pound. You may think how much fur it would take to weigh them down.

The next chief of our land was James Madison. When he came in, he found that men were once more in a state of wrath with Eng-land. You see they felt it hard that our ships should have to let Eng-land stop them and search them as she

chose. So at last it came to war, and at first we did not win at all. The red men took part with our foe; and one chief, by name of Te-cum-seh, made a plan to join all the tribes of In-di-ans in war on the whites. He took part in all the fights, and made a brave stand, but he fell at last.

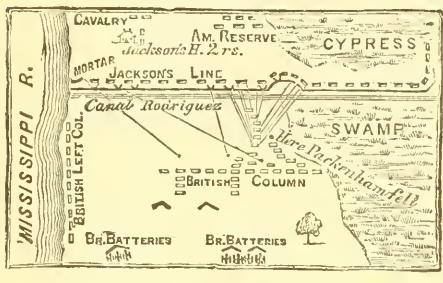
Though we did not win much on land, we had good luck on the sea. We took one of Eng-land's ships; but then they in turn took one of ours, and a brave man, who fought with his crew at the head of it, fell, shot with his death wound. "Don't give up the ship!" was his cry with his last breath.

These words, "Don't give up the ship," were put on a flag, which was held in a great fight that took place at that time. There were nine ships on our side, and six on the side of the foe.

This flag was put on our flag ship, and a brave man fought for it. His name was Per-ry. The flag ship was lost; but Per-ry flew to a small boat with his flag, and got to the next ship. He fought so well that he won the day, and the Brit-ish lost all their six ships. Such a thing had not been known till that time. When the Brit-ish gave up, Per-ry wrote, "We have met the foe, and they are ours!"

There was war for three years; and in the last year the Brit-ish took some of our towns on the

coast south, and set fire to the State Hall and President's house at Washington. They made a raid on New Orleans, but we had a man there who built up miles of bales for a sort of breast works, and fought back of them with our troops, so they did not get that town; and this was the last fight of the war.



PLAN OF BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS,

the English laid claim to no right of search in our ships. This was known for a time as the "Late War," but since then we have had more wars, so it would not do to call it by that name now. But from that day we have had peace with England, and may it long last.

Now came a time of peace when the land grew, and men went west and made homes, and built flour mills, and cut down trees, so that in a short time a wild place would change in to a town; and you would see a church spire point up to the sky, and a school with its crowd of young ones at their tasks.

Peace was made, and both sides were glad to sign it. From this time

CHAPTER X.

SOME GREAT MEN.

MAD-I-SON had two terms of rule, and then Mon-roe was the next choice of the land. He had fought in the great war, and had a high place in the States. He had shown that he was a brave man, and was the one sent to France when our land bought Lou-i-si-ana.

When he was made Pres-i-dent, he made a tour of all the posts north and east, to see what strength they would have in case of war. He wore a blue coat that was home-spun, and was plain in all his dress. He won the hearts of all by his frank ways. He met all men as friends, and had no pride and pomp to keep them far off; he was as one of them. He thought more of the good of his land than his own. One said of him, "If we could turn his soul in side out, not a spot could be found on it." When he came to die, he was poor in purse but rich in a good name.

The red men were not at peace in his time, and there was one more cause of strife, and that was the slaves. Since the first ship load of slaves had been

brought in, the trade had grown more and more at the South. The men at the North had grown to like this trade less and less. It had been thought at first it would soon die out, but they saw this would not be the case. At last there was a strife each time that a State, that held slaves, would want to come in. The free States would cry out that it was wrong to have more slave States.

Those at the South said that when a free State was brought in, there ought to be a slave State too, or else the North would grow too strong, and have things all their own way. And so there was a fight when the time came for the State of Mis-sou-ri to come in. I do not mean that they went to war with shot and shell. This was a war of words. The North said that it was wrong to buy and sell men, and to break up homes; that it was bad for the men who held slaves, and for those in bonds, and that the first men of the land had the wish to get rid of it. The South said that if the great men of the land had the wish to get rid of it, they still kept their own slaves; that it was the best state for the black men; that they could learn more than in their own wild land; that white men could not work out of doors in the hot time, and so the crops could not be grown if the black man was made free.

At last Con-gress let Mis-sou-ri come in as a

slave State, but made a law that a line should be drawn in the land. North of this line there could be no slaves. South of it men could keep slaves or not, just as they chose; men look on this now as a weak move. At that time the slaves were few, and the trade not great, so it might have been put down with more ease. But with time it grew so strong that it took long years and a great war to crush it out. Five new States came in while Mon-roë was at the head of the land.

John Quin-cy Ad-ams came next. He was the son of the Pres-i-dent of the same name, and had been nine years old when he heard the Dec-la-ra-tion read from the State House in Bos-ton. Since then the land had grown to a vast size, and was at peace. Much was done in his time to make our land thrive and grow. The red men were made to move west, and their lands were bought.

In his time, the first rail road was built. It was but three miles long, and it was a horse that drew the car and not steam. The first use of steam came in more late from Eng-land. The first steam car did not make much speed; but it was thought to be a great thing. Still there were those who said it would not be worth much; that it could not draw its own weight, but that its wheels would spin round and round on the rail. Some thought that if it were

made to go, it would be bad for the farms; would scare off the cows and sheep, and the smoke would make the sheep's wool black. But their fears were

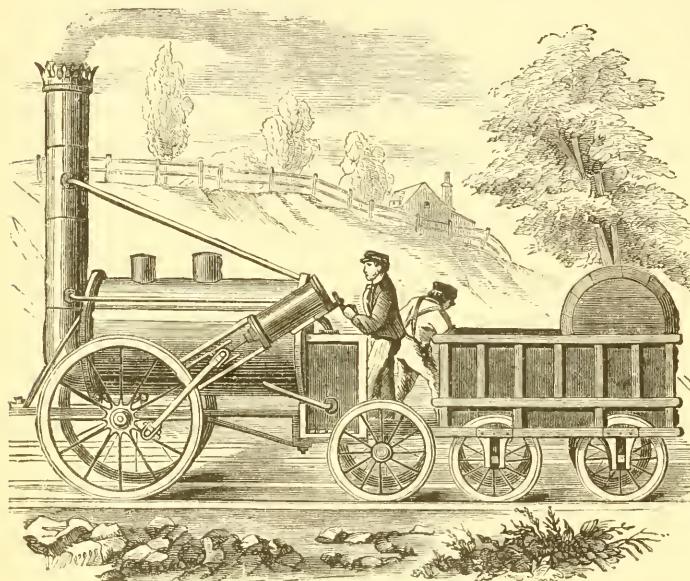
laid at rest in time by the sight of these cars as they ran on in peace, and brought none of these ills to pass.

In the same year the land had to mourn the death of two great men.

Strange to say,

they went on the same day, and that was the Fourth of July. Both these men had put their names on the great Dec-la-ra-tion, and they had grown to be strong friends. Jef-fer-son heard the fire of a gun, just as he went. His last words were, "Is this the Fourth?"

Ad-ams, who lay near to death, saw the sun set and heard the shouts from those who kept the day in his town. He sent them word to hold fast the rights that day had brought them; and the old



FIRST STEAM EN-GINE.

man could hear the cheer that they gave at his words.

At this time there was a great talk of a sort of tax to be put on all goods brought here from far lands. This we call a tar-iff, and we hear a great deal of it in this day. There are those who think a high tax should be put on all goods made out of our own land, so as to keep them out and give those made here a chance. There are some who think that all trade should be free; and that ships should sail here with what they choose and land it, with no one to see what it is, and put a tax on it.

Ad-ams, in his time, was for a high tax, and for this cause he did not have but one term as our chief. Those who did not want the tax had the most votes, and they chose An-drew Jack-son for the next man. He had been well known in the war, and had built up those breast works in New Or-leans of which we have told you, from which our men beat the Brit-ish.

While he was chief, there were some in the South who felt that the North had more than its share of the wealth of the land. You see there were more great mills and more goods made in the North, and the tax on strange goods was too much help to those at home. At least this was so thought by the South, and they had a plan to cut loose and

set up a new band of States. They had drills of their young men, and got arms, and had made choice of a man to lead them. His name was John C. Cal-houn, and he was to be their first chief. But Jack-son said that "if a State could go out of the band of States when it chose, we would come to naught;" and he sent troops and ships of war to the South, and put a stop to all the stir in a short time.

Tribes of the red men had gone out to the far West, but there were those who would not move. There was a tribe in Flor-i-da who fought for a long time in the swamps of that land. Some slaves who had run away from their homes were with them. One of the chiefs of the red men had a slave for a wife, and when she went with him to one of our forts, she was held and kept as a slave, and the chief was put in chains. When he got free, he made a vow to pay up the white man for all he had borne, and for the loss of his wife. So he led the red men in this war. His name was Os-ce-o-la. He was caught at last, and kept in one of our forts till he died. But the war went on for years, at a great cost of life, till few of that tribe were left in the land. And this war cost three times as much as had been paid for the whole of the State of Flor-i-da.

In 1827 a new sect rose in the west part of New York state. They took the name of Mor-mons and grew fast. A man by the name of Jo-seph Smith took the lead of them. He said he had found a book which was the word of God. He took those who held the same faith out West with him. The folks where they went did not like them, and they had to move from place to place, till at last they made a stop at Nau-voo, in the State of Ill-i-nois. There they built a grand house, where Smith and those of the same faith were wont to preach their creed. They thought it well for a man to have more wives than one—in fact the more he had the more help he would have to walk in the right path. The folks near Nau-voo made up their minds to drive this strange tribe out. They made a charge that some crimes had been done by them. Smith led a mob to break up a press with which the charge had been put in print, so he was thrown in jail. At last he lost his life at the hands of a mob. The sect went West to a plain by Salt Lake, where they live to this day. They built a town there and gave it the name of Des-er-et, which means the “Land of the Bee.” It is now Salt Lake City.

Jack-son was a great man. He had come from poor folks, and as a boy he was more fond of sport

than of books. His life had its ups and downs. Once he was in the hands of the foe, and told he must clean some boots for them. It was too much for a free born A-mer-i-can to clean Brit-ish boots. It made his blood boil, and he said with scorn that he would not do such work. He was not mild or meek, you know, but had a strong will of his own. And he kept his word spite of blows, and was sent to jail. There the poor boy had small-pox. He knew not where to turn when he got out of jail, for he was poor and had no one left to help him. He had more than one fight in his time, and scars that he did not gain in war. He was brave through and through, and won fame where he went. He was in his old home when he drew his last breath in peace.

Mar-tin Van Bur-en was made pres-i-dent at a time when all things were at a low ebb. In two months from the day he took the oath all the banks of New York gave up pay in coin, and the banks in all the States soon did the same. Crowds of men were thrown out of work, and stood in the streets with naught to do. There was, too, a great crash in trade, and hard times in the whole land. Van Bur-en did not make the hard times. He did but reap what those had sown ere he came. Still he

had but one term for that cause. He said that the cause of these hard times was that the folk had lost the plain tastes of the old times and spent too much. In New York there had been a great change in all things since the days when the Dutch had bought the isle of Man-hat-tan from the Indians and cut down the strong oaks and all kinds of trees that were on it. The log house was gone and the stone one stood in its place. A great town had gone up where of old the wheat and corn were grown and the fruit trees made the spring full of bloom. The old feast days were no more kept with such state, though the young ones still sought to dye their eggs with bright hues for Eas-ter day, and New Year's calls were still in vogue. But with the growth of the town new wants sprang up. Rich clothes, a fine house, and good things to eat and drink were the mode. In the old times one who came to man Fort James said of the troops there: "Not one man hath to this day since I brought them out of Eng-land slept in a pair of sheets, or on a bed save one made with sail cloth and straw." So hard and plain and scant were all things with those who came first. But as with New York, so with all the rest of the land, new wants had crept in and gold was spent with too free a hand.

Men felt a hope that a new man might bring in a new state of things. They chose Har-ri-son, who had fought in a brave way in the wars with the red men.

He came from the far West, where his home had once been in a log house. So he had the name of the Log Cabin man, and the poor men in the land all felt proud that one of their own kind was their chief; one who had made his way out of the ranks. There was a print of that log cabin on all sorts of things, and toys were made in that form, and songs were made on it, and sung when men met.

The new Pres-i-dent did not live but one month, and so for the rest of the four years, John Ty-ler took the rule; but he did not please those who had cast their votes for him. He would not let their bills pass: one of which was to form a States Bank, on which the Whigs had all set their hearts. The State of Tex-as was brought in at this time.

You have all seen the wires which stretch from pole to pole in the streets of our great towns, and in lone roads by field and wood. You know what they are for, and how by means of them you can send word to a friend in time of need, or hear from those you love in a flash. It may be a death that is told, or some news of joy that they can not wait to send by the slow way of the post.

Well, when James K. Polk was thought of as a good man to make chief of the land, the news was the first that had been sent on these wires. The first lines built were made here, and went from Bal-ti-more to Wash-ing-ton. Morse was the name of the man who found out how to send news on wires in this way.

At this time there were two great men of whom you should hear, for their names are on the list of fame, which has stood the test of time. One was Hen-ry Clay. He was born in the West, and was poor, but he made his way from the small log school house, where he went to learn his first task, to rank with the great men of our land. He could win men to be his friends, when they had made up their minds to hate him. He had a strong will, and kept true to his own aims. He spoke with such grace and force that he could sway men's minds and thrill their hearts. He has said, "I owe all I have won in life to one fact, that when I was a boy, and for some years, as I grew up, I would learn and speak what I read in books. More than one off hand speech did I make in a corn field or in the woods, or in a



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

barn, with but an ox or horse to hear me. It is to this I owe much that has gone to shape and mould my course in life."

One man, who was not his friend, said at his death, "If I were to write on the stone that marks his place of rest, I would place there these words: 'Here lies one who led men by his own force for long years; but did not swerve from the truth, or call in lies to help him.'"

One more great man died on the same day as Clay. His name was Web-ster. He was a great states man. He went to school but a few weeks in all his life. He was then so shy that he could not pluck up heart to speak a piece in the school. He did not think that in time to come his words would stir the land. He says, "I was brave in my own room, and would learn the piece and speak it there; but when the day came, and I would see all eyes turn to me, and they would call out my name, I could not rise from my seat."

In all things but this he stood well at school, and he had a great wish to learn. But he knew they were all poor at home, and he felt that he must go to work and help them, fond as he was of his books. When he heard that he was to go on; that he should have a chance to make his dream true, he was full of joy. "I see yet," he said, "the

great hill up which we went that day in the snow. When I heard the news, I could not speak for joy. There were such a crowd of young ones in our home, I did not see how they could spare the funds. A warm glow ran through me; I had to weep."

When he was through school, he at once rose to a high place. He was at the head of all who spoke in the House. He was grand and great, but he had a sense of fun in him. Once some one came to him with one of those books where the names of friends or great men are kept, with the wish that he would write his name by the side of John Ad-ams. He wrote :

“ If by his name I write my own,
Twill take me where I am not known;
And the cold words will meet my ear,
Why, friend, and how did you come here?”

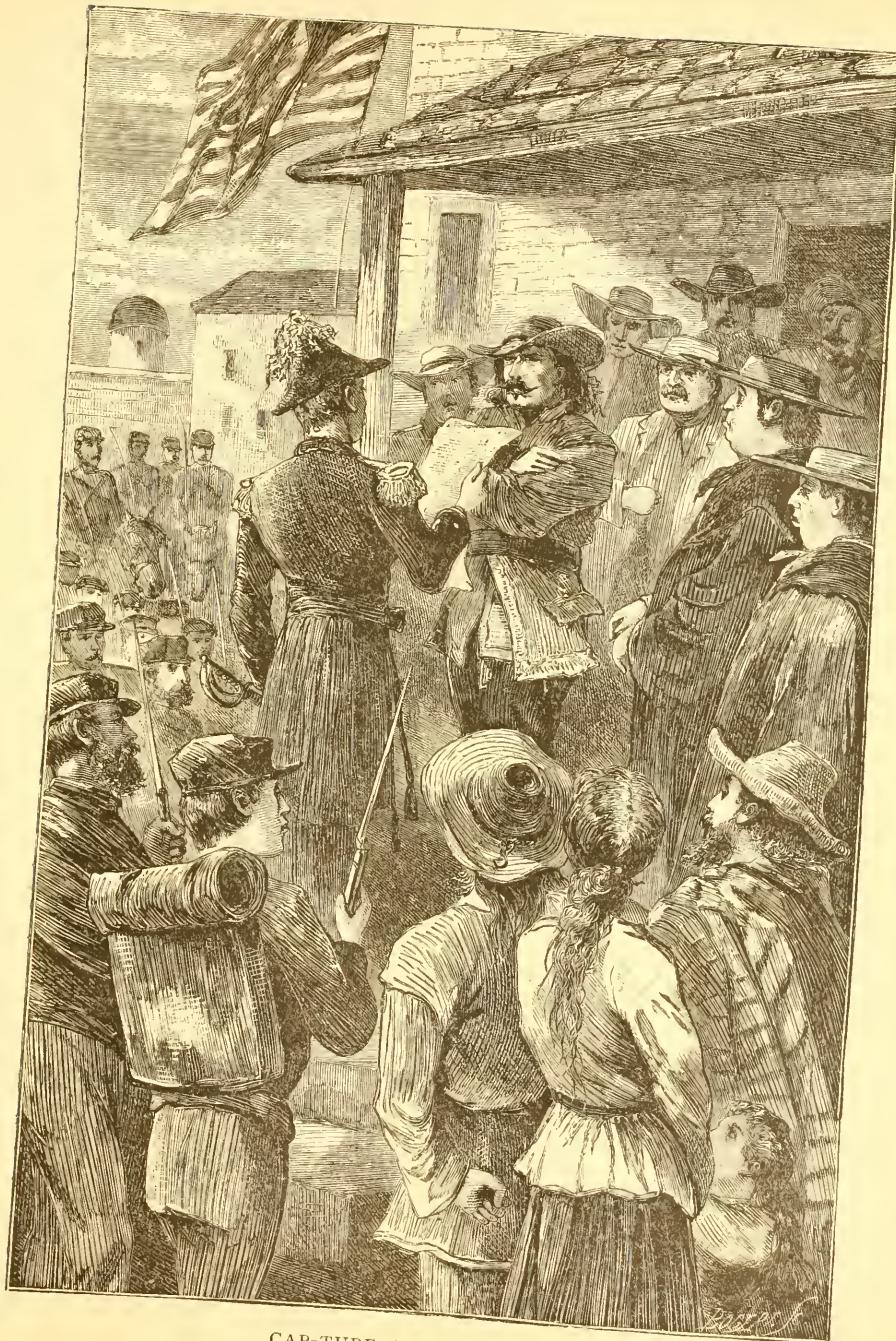
When his death was known, there was grief in the length and breadth of the land. No death since that of Wash-ing-ton was made such a theme for speech.

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW WAR.

IN the time of James K. Polk, a war rose in which our States were not of one mind. Our folk in Tex-as laid claim to a large tract of land which those in Mex-i-co said was theirs. The States at the North did not wish to go in to this war; but those at the South did. This was in 1846. Gen-er-al Tay-lor went with his troops at once in to the land of the foe, and built a fort on a stream there. He gave it the name of Fort Brown. On his way he met the troops of the foe drawn up in the road. They had three to one of his small band; but he had the good luck to rout them, with loss of but nine men on our side.

Then he took up his march on their great town, which had the name of Mon-te-rey. This town had high hills and deep gulfs round it, and strong forts. Its streets were full of men with arms. Gen-er-al Tay-lor made a grand move on the town. To get out of the fire that would seem to pour on them from the roofs, the troops went in and dug their way through stone walls from house to house, or



CAP-TURE OF MON-TE-REY.

they would pass from roof to roof. Ere they came to the grand place of the town, it was in their hands, the foe gave up the fight.

At this time San-ta An-na, who was chief of the Mex-i-can troops, heard that most of our men had been drawn off to help Gen-er-al Scott ; so he thought it would be a good time to crush us. They laid in wait with all their best troops, and the fight went on from the rise of the sun till dark. It grew hard to hold our ground, and the day would have been lost but for the guns of Cap-tain Bragg, who came to our help. He made a dash up to a few yards from the foe, and let fire. Their ranks were seen to shake. "Some more grape, Cap-tain Bragg," said Gen-er-al Tay-lor. One more round, and then a third came, and the Mex-i-cans broke and fled. In the night San-ta An-na drew all his troops off.

Gen-er-al Scott, at the head of our troops, made a march through the land of Mex-i-co, and took all that came in his way. He drew siege lines round the town of Ve-ra Cruz, and sent bombs in to it, and in four days the town, with its strong hold, gave up the fight. A week from that time our troops took up their march for the chief town. At one pass in the hills, the foe had a strong hold. Gen-er-al Scott had a road cut round the base of those hills and through the woods ; and then he was in a place to

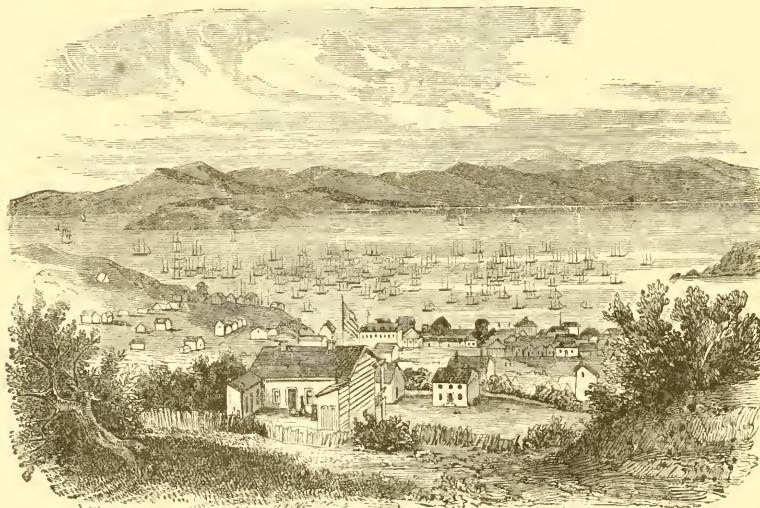
pour out fire on the rear of the foe, while more troops took him in front. The foe fled in such haste that San-ta An-na, who was lame, left his leg of wood on the ground, and got off on his wheel mule.

The town of Mex-i-co is in the midst of a grand plain, with green fields and cloud capt mounts round it. The foe had made a strong stand here, with forts and men. Our men made a move in the night. It was so dark they had to feel their way; but they took their stand on a height from which they could storm the strong points of the foe. At last they took some of the guns, and the roads were laid bare to the gates of the town.

There was some talk of a peace then, but General Scott found that it was not in good faith. The foe did it to gain time, to make things strong once more. So the next day, he took up his march on the great town of Mex-i-co. A strong fort, on a high rock by the town, was made ours; each out work fell one by one, and at last our troops took the great Ci-ty of Mex-i-co, and the next morn our flag with its stripes and stars was seen to float in the light from those grand old piles, which had been the home of more than one prince of Mex-i-co. So the war came to an end in just two years.

Till this time, Cal-i-for-nia had been known as a

far off land, to which men went by sea, round Cape Horn, to buy hides and fur. But in 1848, came news to the Eastern States that there were gold mines in that place. It was said that a Swiss had found, as he dug in the sand, a bright sort of dust, and it was thought to be gold. All at once, on this news, there was a great rush from all parts of the land to the gold mines of Cal-i-for-nia, and there was a great sum won the first year. In two years



SAN FRAN-CIS-CO IN 1849.

the town of San Fran-cis-co had grown to quite a large place. The name of Cal-i-for-nia is said to have been found in an old book in Spain, and means an isle full of gold.

Three more States were brought in while Polk

was our chief, and two of them were free States. It was shown that those who came to us from the old world, chose the free States for their homes, and those at the South felt sure that the North would grow too fast if they did not gain more ground. There was a great piece of land which both North and South laid claim to, and there were high words on both sides. At last a band of men by the name of Free Soil men, took a stand that slaves should be kept out of all new land which the U-nit-ed States might gain in all time to come.

The next man who was the choice of the land was Tay-lor, the one who led part of our troops in the war with Mex-i-co. He was put in by the Whigs. The Free Soil men did not vote for him. He did not live but one year, and then Fill-more took his place.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WAR OF NORTH AND SOUTH.

ONCE more the talk on free States and slave States was heard on all sides, and Hen-ry Clay had made more than one great speech to try and keep the peace. Cal-i-for-nia came in as a free State; but a bill went in force which made it a crime to help or keep a slave who had run off from his home. A man could go in to a free State and take back his slave by force, and no court or Judge in the land could stop him.. In fact, they were bound to help him. This was thought harsh and wrong by most of the men at the North; but it was made a law. This law made more stir than aught else had done till this time. Men would help the slaves, spite of the law; and in some States they made laws of their own, that no one could claim a slave if he did not bring the case in to court, that they might see if he had a just claim.

When Pierce was made Pres-i-dent, the strife still went on; and this was made worse by a wish on the part of those who held slaves to bring them North of the line, in to a great tract of land—so

large that two States could be made out of it—Kan-sas and Ne-bras-ka.

The South said all they would ask, would be that those who had their homes on the soil should say how they would like things to be, and put it to vote. Con-gress did at last pass a bill to give them their own choice, to be free or slave States. But this did not bring peace; for they had fights when they went to vote. At last they were all at war, and would burn a town or sack a house, or steal the cows and goods of those they thought foes. The whole land was a scene of blood, but in the end Kan-sas was brought in as a free State.

In the time of Pierce a great tract of land was bought from Mexico. It is now known as New Mex-i-co. In his time, too, trade with Japan was first made free to our ships.

When Bu-chan-an came to take the place of chief in our land, the talk on the slaves was by no means at rest. In the great Court of our land, the “Dred Scott” case was brought up in the first year of his rule, and it was said that those who held slaves had the right to take them with them where they chose, through all the free States. Then came John Brown’s raid, which was like a fire brand in all the slave States.

John Brown was a man who had fought on the

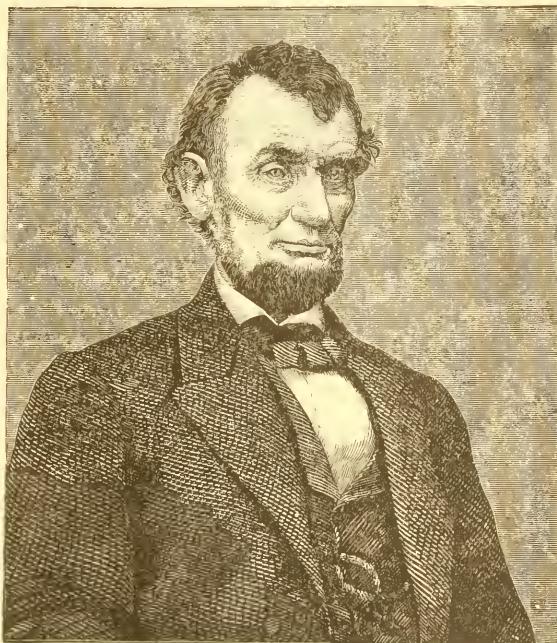
side of the Free Soil men in Kan-sas, and now all was at peace there. He had a plan to go in to the slave States and free the slaves. He had been in Vir-gin-ia when he was a boy, and knew there were strong holds in the hills, where he thought the slaves could make a stand and fight till they were free. He got a small band of men and went to a place by the name of Har-per's Fer-ry, and took the town. Those who had their homes there fled in fright; so he took the great place where arms were made for our troops. He thought he would give these arms to the black men, whom he had no doubt would flock to his side. He had a small force, but fear made all think it was a great one. The news of the raid went like a flash on the wires to all parts of the States, and men were sent to fight him and take him. His small force were brave, and did not give up till death or wounds made them do so.

It is said by those who held him as their foe, that John Brown was cool and firm in the face of death. With one son dead by his side, and one shot through, he felt the pulse of the son so near to death with one hand, but held fast to his gun, and spoke words of cheer to his men. He fell at last with six wounds, but did not die of them. He was brought in to Court, and they set to work to try him. The head man of Vir-gin-ia, by the name of

Wise, said, "Those who think John Brown is a mad man, do not know him. He is a man of clear head and a brave heart. I would trust him to be a man of truth."

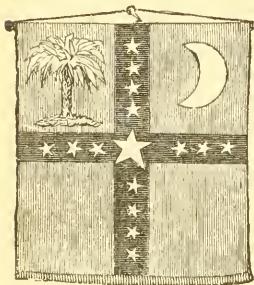
But he was led out to be hung. On his way there, his last act was to kiss a slave child. Six of his friends were hung on the same spot. Some few of the band got off to the free States. All this made the talk of North and South on the slave trade more and more fierce; and when a new man was to be made Pres-i-dent, those who went for free soil, that is, no slaves, chose their own man, and he got the most votes. These

Free Soil men had grown to be a large throng, and they had a new name. The man they chose was A-bra-ham Lin-coln. He was a man who would have been glad to have kept the peace; but the South would not have it so. They were in a rage,



A-BRA-HAM LIN-COLN.

and said they would go out of the band of States. They thought a State had the right to go out if it chose to do so. This was "States Rights" to their mind.

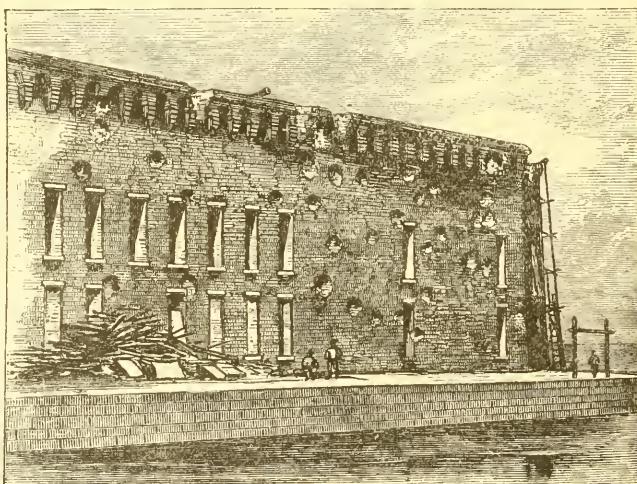


BAN-NER OF SOUTH
CAR-O-LI-NA.

States, where it would be right to hold slaves; and they took one of our forts.

Troops were sent in a boat, by name, "The Star of the West," but they were met by a fire from the fort. Then they took their stand on the shore by Fort Sum-ter, which was held

by a few men. For two days the fire went on, and at last the brave man who held the fort had to give



FORT SUM-TER.

it up. His men were worn out, the place was on fire, and they had no more food for their guns. So they went out with the beat of drums and their flags flung out on the air.

The sound of the first gun at Fort Sum-ter was a shock to all the land. Most of those at the North, who had not felt the slave trade to be wrong, now took sides with those who had been its foes from the first. All the States at the South took one side, but the slaves were for those who had the wish to make them free.

In the first of this storm the end came of Bu-chan-an's term. Three States came in at this time. Or-e-gon, Min-ne-so-ta, and Kan-sas. The last two bear the name the red men gave two streams that flow through them. The name Or-e-gon is said to mean "wild rice."

Up to the time of the first gun fired at Fort Sum-ter, men had felt that the South could be brought back. Few at the North thought there would be war; but at the South it had been thought of for a long time. The young men had met for drill, and arms had been hid where they could be found. Lin-coln found but a small band of troops, but he sent out a call for more. As these men were on their march through the streets of Bal-ti-more, the mob threw stones at them, and three of them fell

dead. Then the troops let fire on the mob, and nine men fell. This made a great stir at the North, for they thought it went to show the hate in the hearts of the men at the South.

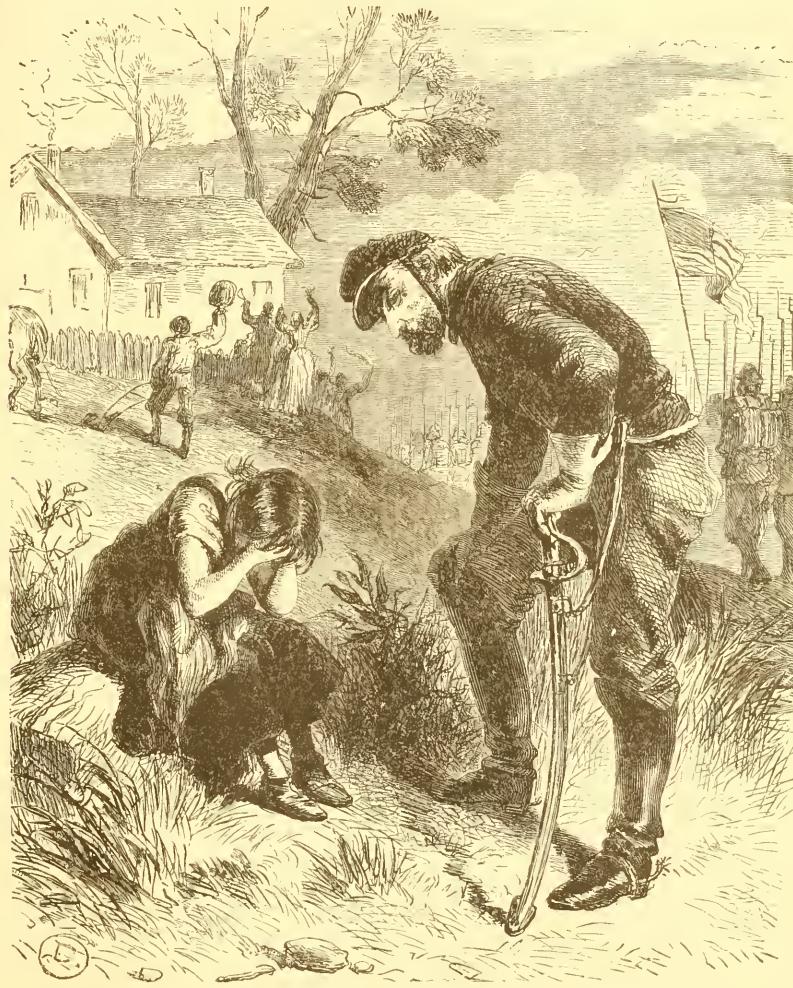
The next time the troops were sent, they did not march through Bal-ti-more. They found the rails torn up by the way, and had to mend them as they went on. Once when they saw a car that was a wreck by the way side, some one was heard to ask if one could be found in the ranks who could mend it. "I can," said a man who stood by it, "for I built it."

So you see the troops were made up of men from all trades, who had left their work to fight for their land. In the course of time, troops went in peace through the streets of Bal-ti-more.

Men came in to the ranks on all sides when they heard the call; but they found that arms were scarce, most had been sent South. So the North had to buy or make these in as short a time as they could. There had to be clothes made, too, for the troops, and food found for stores, and carts to draw it, and drugs for the sick. All must be done at once, and all in such a way that there must be no waste or want. Lin-coln at this time made a law that no ships should go in or out of the ports of the South.

The war soon made a stand in both East and

West Vir-gin-ia. In the west of this State there were men who did not wish to fight on the side of



OFF TO THE WAR.

the South; but they had to do so or leave the State. There was a move made to march on Rich-mond;

but the troops had to go back, and lost the day at the fight of Bull Run. It was a sad rout for the troops of the North, as they made haste back to Wash-ing-ton, with a fear that the foe might come and take that place.

At the end of this year Gen-er-al Scott gave up his place at the head of all the troops to Gen-er-al Mc-Clel-lan.

CHAPTER XIII.

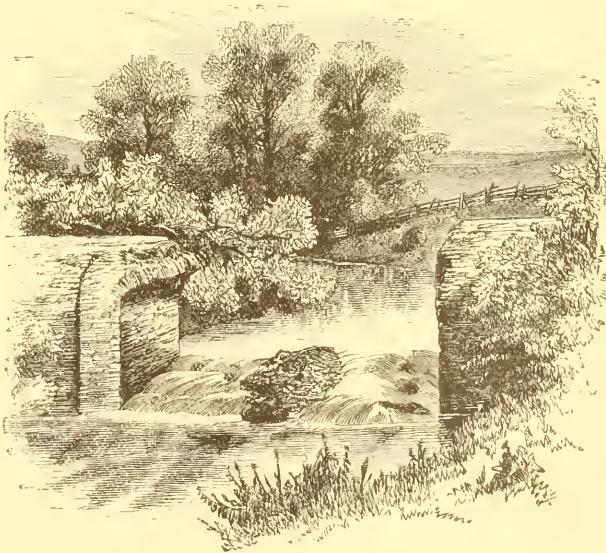
LOSS AND GAIN.

ONE morn in Ju-ly all the camp was up in the gray dawn, for they had made up their minds to meet the foe on that day. Soon you might have seen four long, dark lines all on the move on their way to the South. They all made for one point, but did not go by the same roads. They were all full of hope, and felt sure they would win. A few of them had been in the war



GEN-ER-AL ROB-ERT E. LEE.

for some time, but most were new and raw men. They took no trunks with them, you may be sure. Would you like to know what a man takes when he goes to a fight? I will tell you what Gen-er-al Mc-Dow-ell told his troops to take. They were to take their guns, of course—all the arms—and food for three days, the clothes for their beds, and the things to drink out of. They took their food in a bag. A man was sent on to spy out the land. They found the foe had a strong guard. They were in force on the west bank of the stream known as Bull Run for near eight miles. The stream was deep and ran so swift that it was hard to cross save in a few spots. At these the foe had a strong guard. At one place where they sought to cross there was a sharp fight. At last the troops from the North thought they would try and find a ford where they could ride or wade,



STONE BRIDGE.

while a few should act as if they meant to cross the stone bridge and thus take up the time of the foe. They made out to do this and they found the foe on the ground. At first the Southern troops fled up a hill. But when they came to a broad plain they made a stand once more. Their Gen-er-al Jack-son held this place with a calm strength. Some one who saw that his troops were worn out

said to them to cheer them : "Here stands Jack-son like a stone wall." This name was heard with cheers on all sides. And from that day he was known as Stone-wall Jack-son. He was a man fit to lead, and one of the best of men.

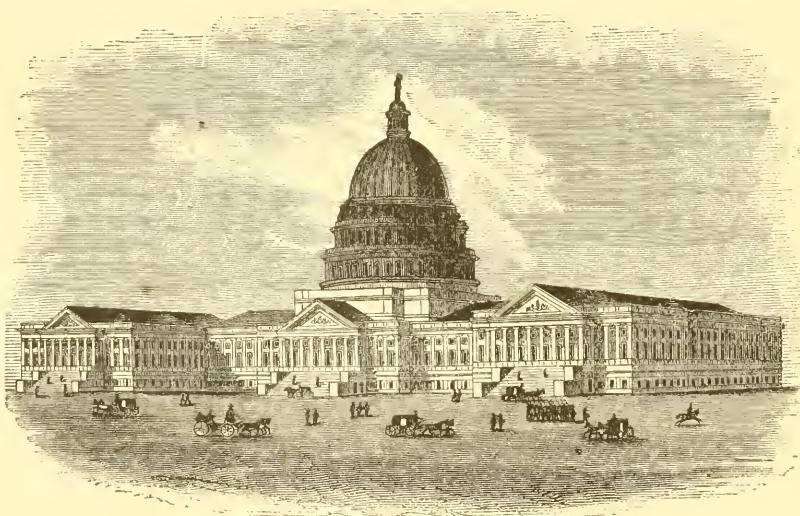


STONE-WALL JACK-SON.

from this broad plain. But to do this they had to take the guns that were set on the crown of the hill. This was no light task, for to do it men must ride in full fire right "in to the jaws of death." But the men rode on, and fell in hosts. Now and then they would take a gun, and pay for it in ranks of dead men. Both sides were so brave that it did seem as if the fight would go on while a man was left. The ground was red with blood.

Three times the troops from the North made that climb of the hill in the face of the fire. With their flags in their hands they got to the top for the third time, when there came a fire so fierce they were mown down like grain in front of a scythe. The foe came on with cheers. Fresh men came in their ranks and the fire went on. The troops of the North lost hope and broke and ran. The field of the fight was like a race course. Mules and steeds with no one on their backs, men with arms flung from them ran in wild haste. Threats were in vain and more than one brave man was shot as he sought to stop the flight of his troops. By twelve at night they were all in full flight for Washington. Those who fell by the way side, and they were not a few, had to be left. If one could have seen them in their wild rush through that dark night, with blood stains and dust on them, it would have been hard to think they were the same troops who had set out with such brave hearts. None had seen the flag of the U-nion trail in dust so low be-fore. Yet our boys in blue were not less brave than those in the gray. For long years men thought of that dark day, and it was known as "Black Mon-day." The fight of Bull Run is said to have been one of the best in its plan, but one of the worst fought of all the war. The troops were raw, and the roar of the

guns, the shrieks and noise, were too much for them. They did not know the rules of war, nor how to mind what was said to them. If the foe had known to the full how great the fright was, they



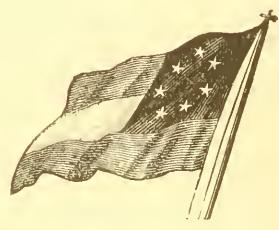
CAP-I TOL AT WASH-ING-TON.

might have gone on to Wash-ing-ton. The troops from the North made haste to that town with a fear that the men of the South were in full chase and might take that place.

Pres-i-dent Lin-coln sent out a call for more men and more gold. In the South, too, more troops came at once, but they had no funds. They had notes, but they were of small worth. Still both North and South were full of brave men, and they

each thought they were in the right, so they were glad to do all and bear all for the cause. At the North the red, white and blue was borne. At the South the stars and bars were flung on the breeze. Songs were sung of the war.

“Dix-ie” was one well known song at that time in the South. All the thought was of the war. Those at home did not fold their hands. If they could not give their lives for their land they could work. The wives thought of their dear ones who were gone, and they met in bands to sew on the blue shirts or to scrape lint. The young girls held in their hearts the last words of the brave youths who had not kept back from the fight. The young ones left their play to knit warm socks for the poor men to wear in the long march. Good things to eat were sent to those who had such hard fare. Each train bore some thing to the troops, to show that they were kept in mind by those at home. Gen-er-al Ly-on, in the West, found the foe in force in the south-west part of Mis-sou-ri, and one morn he saw two lines on the march to him. He thought it would be more wise to go out and meet them than to wait for them, so he set forth. The land was so full of hills that he could not see the strength of the foe. All at once the



SOUTHERN FLAG.

Con-fed-e-rate horse men made a dash at them from the woods and broke their line in two like a pipe stem. But they had to fly in the end and leave the field to the troops of the North. In the next fight, near Spring-field, Gen-er-al Ly-on lost his life. Where the shot fell fast he rode all day up and down the lines to cheer his men. Twice he got wounds, and once his horse fell with a shot, but still the brave Gen-er-al did not flinch. Some of the troops who had lost their chief said: "Who will lead us?" Gen-er-al Ly-on sprang on a fresh horse and said, with a wave of his hat in the air: "I will lead you —come on, brave men!" He did not live but a short time, for he was soon struck in the breast with a ball, and he fell dead. The Con-fed-e-rates won this fight, but did not give chase to the troops of the North, though they were in full flight.

In Sep-tem-ber the Con-fed-e-rates drew up in front of Lex-ing-ton, on the south bank of the Mis-sou-ri. The man who was at the head of the troops in this town had few guns and but small store of what was food for them. Day by day went and no help came to him and his men, so all they could do was to dig the trench or throw up the earth works to shield them. There were troops sent to the help of this brave Col-o-nel Mul-li-gan, but they did not reach him, for the foe was on the look out for them.

At the break of day, Sep-tem-ber 12th, Gen-er-al Price sent out fire on the town from fours pots at once. Col-o-nel Mul-li-gan met it as best he could, and the fight was kept up till night. The poor men in Lex-ing-ton were in a sad plight. They had not much food, and all their stores were low. The foe cut off the stream from them, so they had naught to drink save what the men could catch in cloths when the rain came. These they would wring out and get a few drops in that way. Yet for all this, when Gen-er-al Price sent word to them that they must give up, Col-o-nel Mul-li-gan said: "If you want us, come and take us." But at last the brave men had to give in, and they put up the white flag, which is known as a flag of truce. When Col-o-nel Mul-li-gan gave up his sword Gen-er-al Price gave it back to him and said: "I would grieve to take the sword of so brave a man from him."

By this time the foe had heard of the path for the troops that had been cut, and ere they were half way to the fort they made up their minds to give up the works, for there was no hope and they did not want to lose their men for naught. And so the fort and all that was in it fell in the hands of the U-nion men.

It may be you have heard of "Old Abe," the bird who saw both these last fights. He was the

sort of bird that you see on our flag, one of the kind that knows no fear. He had been caught when young and sold for some corn, but at last he fell in the hands of the U-nion troops. The men who had charge of him were met with cheers at all times, and the bird got the name of "Old Abe" from the Pres-i-dent. He would sit on his perch and look at the fights with calm, cold eye. At times he would flap his wings. He went with his friends each time and saw most of the war. Once those who had him might have got a whole farm if they would have sold him, but gold could not buy him. He did not get a wound through all the war, and when at last death took him some one had to stuff him, and he was kept in a case, and may be seen yet in Wis-con-sin in a house where rare things are shown.

The fight at Shiloh was a fierce one. At one time the South won, then the North. Both sides fought well, till at last the



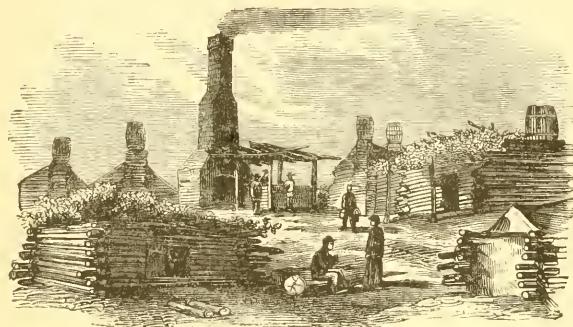
PICK-ET DUTY.

Con-fed-e-rates fell back. The troops from the North were too worn out to chase them. It was a sad scene to see the loads of Con-fed-e-rates with wounds lie in "piles like bags of grain" as they were borne back to Cor-inth. When death came from their sore wounds they had to be thrown out to make room for those who still had the breath of life in them. The loss was great on both sides, but the men of the South had no gold nor the right kind of clothes to keep them warm. Some who were sent to Chi-ca-go were in a sad state. They were in worn out clothes, and some of them had girls' hats on their heads. One poor man had two old hats made fast to his feet for shoes. It made one's heart ache to see these worn-out men in their rags.

CHAPTER XIV.

BRAVE BOYS IN BLUE AND GRAY.

By this time gold was scarce at the South, so when the clothes of the troops were worn out there was no means to buy more. Then the wives



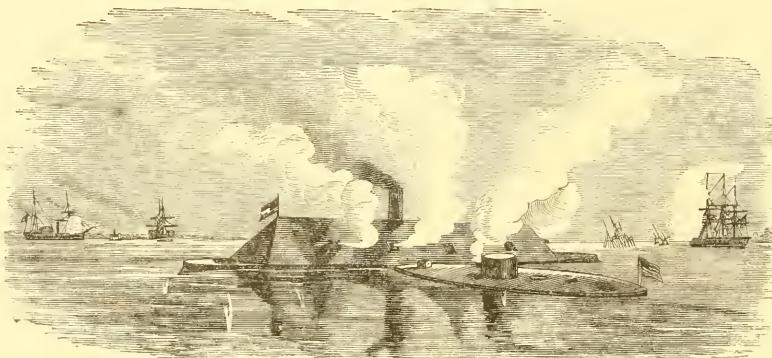
and maids came to the front. They made cloth and gave it a dye from nuts—those who wore it got the name of "But-ter-nuts." Some of the men in the ranks had no shoes, but all bore their woes in a brave way. The dames who had been born to wealth did not mind if they had to soil their soft fair hands with coarse work for the sake of the cause. They sold with joy their rich gems, their clothes or their books—all that would bring a price—to help the brave men who were in the ranks. But they kept up brave hearts. They thought their cause was just and right.

Things were in a bad state at this time. Some one says it was like a sled run on bare ground down

South. The three months' men were in haste to go home. The new troops were raw. The loss at Bull Run had made some lose heart. The South felt sure that they would win. Gen-er-al Mc-Clellan did what he could to raise their hopes. He would say to them: "My men, we have met the last loss of the war; from this hour we will win. You must stand by me, and I will stand by you." He did not spare gold to get all in good trim. All that could be got for the needs of the men was bought. It was said that in all the world there had been no troops so well off, and that a band of French men could live on the waste. Some fault was found that so much time and so much gold was spent, but it takes time to drill raw troops and to teach them the art of war.

There was a ship fight, in which the South for a time did good work. She had a ship which she had made strong with iron plates and hard wood, and a bow of steel. This ship set sail in the bay to fight the whole Un-ion fleet. The ships of wood could make no stand. In vain did they pour out fire and balls. It was said the balls would strike and glance off, and did no more harm than peas from a pop gun. At nine that night two of our ships had gone down in fire and smoke, and one was run on the ground.

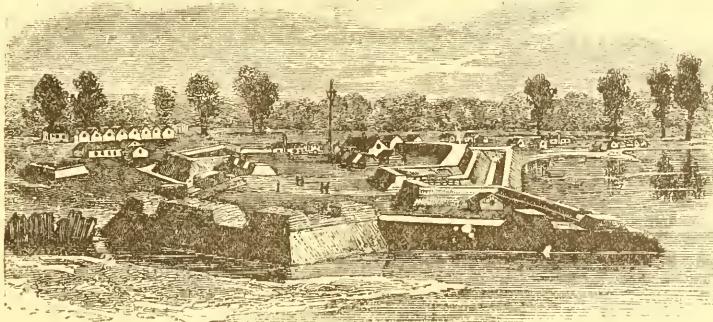
All at once a small queer thing came in sight. Some one said it was like a cheese box on a raft. This was the Mon-i-tor. When dawn came it bore down on the Mer-ri-mac and sent out a fire. The ram gave the fire back. For two hours the fire was kept up ; till at last the Mon-i-tor sent a shell through the port hole of the foe. This fell right in the midst of her crew. So those in the Mer-ri-mac thought it would be wise to get out of the way of



MER-RI-MACK AND MON-I-TOR.

more such shells, and it left the coast clear. There was great joy felt at the North when the news came that they had won this fight ; for all had felt that if this ship, with its hard sides and bow of steel, had been left free to sail in to New York bay, all the ships of wood in our port would have gone down in her path. From the time of this fight, a great change has been made in the way they have built ships.

The Con-fed-e-rates had two forts which Gen-er-al Grant had long thought should not be left in their hands. These were Fort Hen-ry and Fort Don-el-son. As soon as Gen-er-al Grant had leave he set out with a large force on boats and sev-en gun boats to take the lead. They had to move with great care, for they knew the stream was full of a sort of thing that was meant to blow them up.



FORT HEN.RY.

They made out to fish up some of these things. They were long tubes which would hold pounds of stuff to blow up the boats if they should knock on them. There was a match or a slow fuse on each that could be set off if the ship should knock a rod that went up from it.

There were two kinds of boats in use for this fight. One was a ship cut down to the deck, with a roof of plate which shed shot and shell as the rain is shed from a duck's back. These gun-boats were

in charge of Commodore Foote. One kind was known as a "ram," for like a cross old sheep it would butt its strong prow in the side of a ship and stave a hole in it.

The morn was bright, but there had been a storm in the night, so that the roads were bad. The gun boats made a fire ere the troops could march up in the rear. The brave man who held Fort Henry had sent most of his men to Fort Don-el-son. With the few he had he held out as long as he could. He did what he could—told his men where to send out the shots, and he took his share of the work at one of the guns. But there was no chance for the most brave to hold the fort, and they had to give up.

Six days from that time Gen-er-al Grant with his troops set out for Fort Don-el-son. This fort was on high ground and all had been done to make it strong. The stream was on one side, and the plan was to make the move both from the land and from boats.

The first move on the works did not gain aught. Then came night with a storm of sleet and rain, and last there was a great fall of snow. All the food was gone, and none could reach them till Foote's fleet should come. Those who had wounds had to call in vain for drink. There was naught to give

them. There were deaths that night from cold in the troops both of North and South. At last, on the 14th of February the fleet came. Food was brought for the men, and Com-mo-dore Foote at once sent out a fire on the fort with no more loss of time. For one hour the fire from the fort came down on them till the gun boats had to draw back, for they could do no more. The fleet had to be sent back to Cai-ro to be put in good trim once more. Gen-er-al Grant kept his place and put the fort in a state of siege. Gen-er-al Floyd, who was chief of the Con-fed-e-rates, thought he would try and cut his way out. He found he could not do this, but he made out to slip off with Gen-er-al Pil-low in the dark of the night to Nash-ville.

The next dawn all the camp was up in time to storm the works of the foe, when the faint sound of a horn came to their ears. Next they saw in the dim light a white flag wave from the fort, and soon a man came with the flag of truce in his hand. Buck-ner sent to ask Grant on what terms he would let him give up the fort. Grant said they must give up all. "I mean at once



U-LYS-SES S. GRANT.

to move on your works." So it was soon done. The troops took up their march into the fort. It was a bright day, and the sun shone on the stripes and stars that were soon set to wave on the fort. The gun boats sent out shots to cheer them. The stream was full of boats and there were crowds of men on the banks who sent up shouts.

The fall of this fort broke the line of the forts of the South. But the field of the fight was a scene of blood. Hosts of men from both sides lay there dead or in sad pain from their wounds. Help was sent from all sides. More than one good dame went to nurse the sick, and they found brave men there, who did not seem to mind their wounds, but felt glad they could fight for their land. The same brave hearts were shown by the boys, both in the blue and the gray.

One poor youth lay in his bed, with wounds in both arms and both legs. His nurse said to him: "How long did you lie on the field?" "Oh, for two days," he said, "and then they had to chop me out, for I was froze fast."

"Why were you left there so long?"

"Oh, you see they could not stop to look out for me—they had to take the fort."

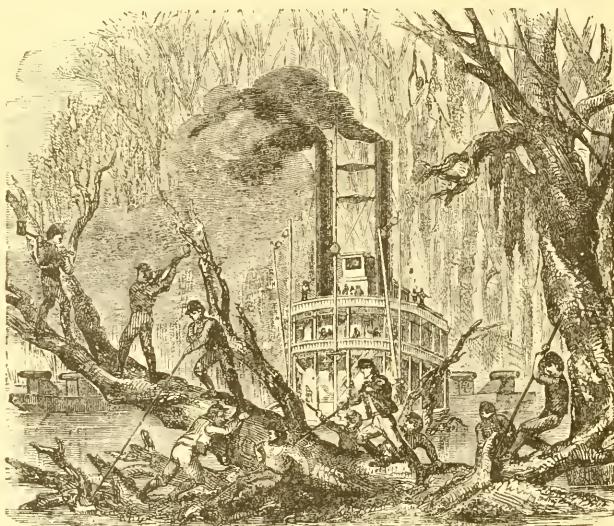
"But it was hard for your friends to leave you in that way!"

“Oh, no. How could they help it? They had to take the fort; and when they took it we thought no more of our wounds, and cheers went up from all parts of the field. Those who were near death sent up a faint cry of joy, and men who had but one arm left made out to raise that.”

Each church in Nash-ville was full on that Sunday morn. Soon a man rode through the streets with a shout: “Don-el-son is in the hands of the foe. The Yan-kees will soon be here.” In a flash all was fear and fright. Sad tales had been told of the Yan-kees. The young ones grew pale as they heard the news. They gave up all for lost. It was true that the troops of the North were on their way. The folks were in a sort of craze. They gave large sums for a horse or a cart, or aught that would take them from the town. They burnt the grand bridge that had been their pride, and all the stores that they could get at were borne off. In a few days the stripes and stars were seen to float from the top of the State House at Nash-ville.

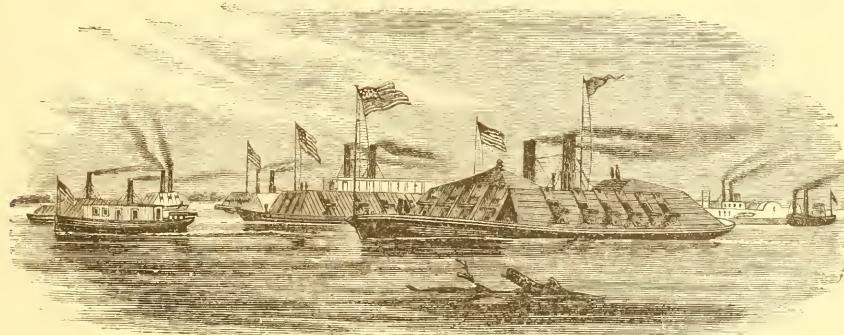
There was a small town at the curve of the Mis-sis-sip-pi by the name of New Mad-rid. Fort Thomp-son was there, and six gun boats to guard it. It had the name of the “key to the Mis-sis-sip-pi.” This place, then, was thought to be the spot for the next work of the troops from the North. They

went down the stream as far as they could, then they had to march for miles through marsh and mire. They had, it was said, to "march through mud, to eat it and to sleep in it." Gen-er-al Pope put his guns in place on the bank, and then he had to wait for help. For days the fire went on, and the shot and shell were sent into the fort. The shell they had in use was the size of a foot ball and of great weight, yet they did not seem to do much work. The fire was kept up for three weeks, yet but one man was lost to the foe. They could not reach the foe from the rear, for there was a marsh there through which the men could not march. Gen-er-al Hamilton found out a way. He cut a way for the stream to go through this marsh. It was no light work, for a host of great trees had to be cut down. When this path for the stream was made it ran in, and they could float boats on it. Five small boats made a



BUILDING THE CANAL.

start in the dark. It was a night of storm, and there was not a gleam in the sky. All was kept still, but as the first boat made a turn to the shore there was a swift flash which told them that they had been found out. It was quick work to take the



GUN BOATS.

guard, and then they went on to spike the guns as fast as they could. The rain fell fast, and the roar of the storm was great. In a short time six guns had their throats full of files, and the boys who did it got off safe to their camp once more.

CHAPTER XV.

LINES DRAWN IN.

STONE-WALL JACK-SON, one of the great men of the South, lost his life in a fight which took place in a spot known as Chan-cel-lors-ville. This place was not a town but a large house, and it took the name of the man who had built it. In this fight Jack-son got a wound in the arm. He was borne to the rear and the arm was cut off, but death came from the wound in a few days. In his last hours he thought he still had charge of the troops. He said: "Tell Hill to get things right for the fight—pass the men to the front—tell—" then it would seem that a scene of peace came to him, for he said in a soft voice: "Let us cross the stream and rest in the shade of the trees." So the last rest came to him that must have been sweet at the end of such toil.

Gen-er-al Jack-son was at the same time brave in war and one who had the love of God in his heart. All who knew him told good things of him. "None knew him but to love him," and if they spoke his name it was with praise. His black boy would say: "Gwine to be a fight, sure, 'cause marse

done pray all night." It is said that each time he told his men to fire a charge he would say, "And may God take care of their souls." He would share all the hard lot of the men, and felt for all their woes. In his death the South lost their best man.

The South took heart and came with their troops in to a free State; and a great fight took place near a town by the name of Get-tys-burg. There was great loss on both sides. But Lee had to fly with his men, and this fight put an end to the hopes of the South.

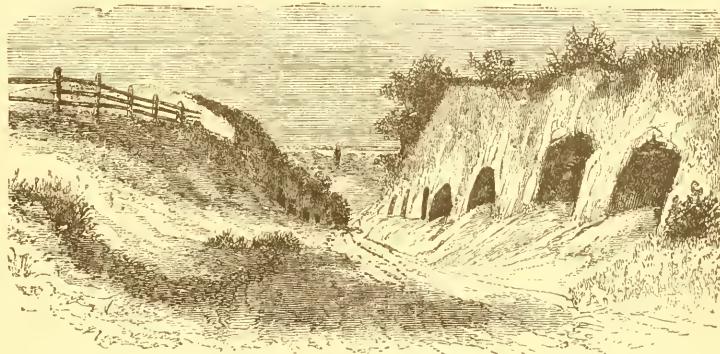
Grant had made a plan to take Vicks-burg, and he felt it could not fail. Gen-er-al Sher-man was to go down the stream to Mem-phis and wait for Grant there. But one of the chiefs of the South made a wild raid through the land and took Col-o-nel Mur-phy and part of the troops and all the stores. The men who led the raid burnt all—the food, the drugs and the stores of clothes. These were the stores which General Grant meant for the use of his troops, and they were all lost in one fell swoop. At the same time the horse-men of For-rest made a dash through that part of the State and cut all the lines of the rail road and the wires by which they could send news home in a flash. For two weeks Gen-er-al Grant had no food for his

men but what he could pick up. This was a great check to him.

Vicks-burg stands on a sharp turn of the Mis-sis-sip-pi. There is a line of bluffs on the east bank of the stream for a long way. Grant sought to find a way to reach Vicks-burg from the north but could not. At last he thought he would try to push his troops down the west shore and then run his gun boats past the town and use them to cross the stream. One still night in April three gun boats and quite a fleet made a move down the stream. They had bales and hay in piles on them, to keep them safe from the fire of the foe, so that they did not look like boats at all. Vicks-burg was all dark, but just as the fleet came in front of it the whole hill side was one blaze of light. The gun that told the foe was near had gone off, and they lit fires in the streets, till one could see the time of day on the clock on the Court House. But with all the smoke and noise, for the roar was fit to make one deaf, the fleet stole by. It was no boy's play to get Vicks-burg. The band that went to storm the fort fell so fast as to close up the way of those who were to press on. It was one of the worst fights of the whole war. Grant put all in trim to lay siege to the town. The foe did what they could to hold out. They cut down the food so that it might last, and

you may be sure the share for each was small. Then there were the wives and young ones who had to live in caves dug in the hill side, so as to be out of the way of the shot and shell. Flour was so high in price that none could buy it. Mule meat brought a great sum a pound. The men had to feed their beasts on corn tops. No food could be brought in, for all chance for that was cut off.

The dogs would moan and whine in the streets when a shell went off. To add to the woes of the time, General Grant



CAVES AT VICKS-BURG.

dug mines through the hills 'neath the town. In these he put stuff that could be set on fire by means of a fuse, and blow up the whole town. Each day the shells fell on the place, and each night the sky was red with the glow of the fire. Yet spite of all, the brave men held out for sev-en long weeks, in need of food, and though most of them were ill. With a foe on all sides that drew more near day by day, and a line of

fire a-round them, their chance was small. At last Gen-er-al Grant made up his mind to make a grand charge. As Gen-er-al Pem-ber-ton saw what was to come, he sent word that he would like to speak to Gen-er-al Grant with a flag of truce. At three one day the two met face to face and shook hands. On both sides there was a crowd of men on the works. Pem-ber-ton sought to know on what terms he might give up. Grant said, "Those I wrote to you to-day." Pem-ber-ton said he could not take such terms, and the war must go on. "As you like," said Grant. Pem-ber-ton went back to the fort, and the next day he had to yield. It was a sad sight to see the long line of brave men in rags as they were on the march out of the town. They had to go in the face of the foes, stack their arms and lay down their flags. Then they were held in bonds. This was a large crowd of men for the troops of the North to take, and all their arms, too, fell in their hands. The U-nion troops now went in to the town. They gave food to the poor men who had so long known what it was to starve. On that day the stars and stripes were seen to wave from the Court House at Vicks-burg.

Port Hud-son was a place on a stream by the name of the Red, and was a strong place. Far-ra-gut found that food was sent by that way to the

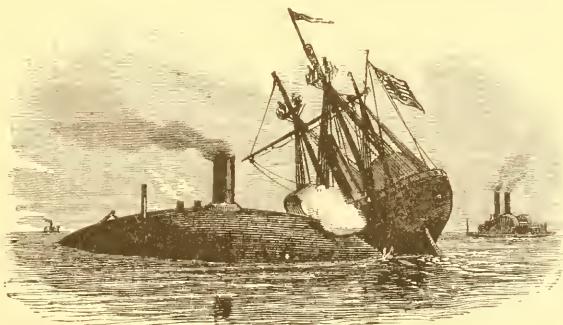
Con-fed-e-rates, so he thought it best to block the stream. He took a dark night and had no lights on his boats; but his decks and guns shone with white-wash, while the stands of shot and shell were left black. This made things stand out clear, though naught could be seen from the shore. At the same time Gen-er-al Banks led up a land force to fight the foe in the rear. That night at nine, at a red light from the flag-ship, eight boats made a start on their way through the dark. They were found out at once and a fierce fire sent from the Port. Like all the towns on the stream the Port is built on a bend. But two boats got safe through the fire. One brave man, Lieu-ten-ant Cum-mings, stood on deck when a piece of shell took off his leg. As he fell he said: "Tell my wife I fell at my post." When they took him down to the room where lay those who had wounds, he said, with a glance round: "If there is one here hurt worse than I, tend to him first." Soon he heard a sound of steam, and he said: "Get her by safe and the foe may have this leg, too."

The siege of this place went on in the same way as the one at Vicks-burg. The town was torn to bits. Rats and mules were the meat of the men, and they went so far as to strip the leaves and bark from the trees for food. When the chief in charge

heard of the fall of Vicks-burg, he gave up the fort and all the arms, but there were no stores of food left.

On the 3d of Ju-ly Gen-er-al Gil-more made the first move on Charles-ton. He sent a force to a place by the name of Fol-ly Isl-and. There they built earth works on which to mount their guns, so as to bear on the guns on Mor-ris Isl-and. If you look on the map you will see that Fol-ly Isl-and lies to the south of Mor-ris Isl-and, and is quite near it. When all was in good trim fire was sent out on the foe. Then there was a move made on Forts Gregg and Wag-ner at the north end of this Isle. In three hours the guns of the last sent out no more fire, and the U-nion men thought they might march in and take the fort. There were some black troops with them, and Col-o-nel Shaw led them. But they found the foe was still there and the black troops were shot down like sheep. Col-o-nel Shaw was one of the first to fall. The fight went on for twelve hours, and then the U-nion men had to give up and fall back. Then they put the forts in a state of siege and all day sent their shells in to Wag-ner and Sum-ter. They had one gun that would send out a ball all the way from Mor-ris Isl-and to Charles-ton—that is to say, five miles. To this gun they gave the name of the “Swamp Angel.”

For a week the shells fell on Fort Sum-ter; then they sent word that they must yield. On the 7th of Sep-tem-ber it was found that the foe was gone from Forts Gregg and Wag-ner, and so Mor-ris Isl-and was left to the U-nion troops. Charles-ton felt the woes of the long fire. Now and then a U-nion shot told on Fort Sum-ter. The wharves and docks of the town were in reach of the shells, so that their stores were not safe. Still for two years no move was made to take the town.



IRON-CLAD AND SHIP.

CHAPTER XVI.

MOVES IN THE WEST.

THERE was a Con-fed-e-rate in Ten-nes-see by the name of John Mor-gan who led the raids in the West with a fire and dash that at times bore down all in his way. One day a good dame rode in to the Union camp and said she must see the Gen-er-al at once—there was no time to lose. When the Gen-er-al saw her she told him she had come from East Ten-nes-see, from a long ways on rough roads, to bring him news that Mor-gan had made out to cross the Cum-ber-land, and was on his watch to fight them. A scout who had got a wound had brought word to her house. As the good dame had no sons and was strong for the U-nion, and had no one to send, there was naught for her to do but to mount a horse and bring the news. Gen-er-al Car-ter went out with a force to meet those who were on this raid. But he found a large force, and in a fight that took place he lost his life, and his troops had to fall back. Mor-gan in the mean time went on with his bold course, made a dash through In-di-an-a and laid waste all in his way. You may be

sure the men in the land did not sit still and see him spoil their goods. They rose up in a mass to stop him, and there was more than one fight. Once they took Morgan and some of his men and threw them in jail, but they dug their way out and got back to the Con-fed-e-rate lines once more.

The U-nion men made a move that drew Bragg out of Chat-ta-noo-ga, and then Gen-er-al Ro-se-crans went in and took it. Chat-ta-noo-ga is in a rough land and its name means "hawk's nest." It is in a gap by the "Look-out Mount-ain," on the left bank of the Ten-nes-see.

Ro-se-crans thought the foe was in full flight, so he left a small force in Chat-ta-noo-ga and went to chase them. But he was not right in his thoughts, for Bragg was on his way back, as he had heard of a new force that would come to his aid. So the foes met and there was such a fierce fight that one said: "When the fire was at an end, one might have had a long walk down that ditch of dead men, and not once have stepped on the ground." The next day the new force came to the help of the Con-fed-er-ates, and the fight went on. But the line of the U-nion men gave way in that fire, and at last they knew they had lost the day. Gen-er-al Ro-se-crans fell back to Chat-ta-noo-ga, and soon the loss was told in a flash to those in Wash-ing-ton.

Gen-er-al Gar-field, who was his chief of staff, rode to Gen-er-al Thom-as, who still kept up his fire. He took a course like a ship in a storm, to keep out of the way of the fire, for there were men who knew well how to shoot in the rear of each fence or by each tree. He had to ride up a slope in full sight of the foe, but he went on. He got to the crest and then he could see at last on that side, still at his post in the shot and shell, the brave man he sought. Gar-field told Thom-as that Long-street would be on him soon, and as he spoke the foe came in sight. Just then Gen-er-al Gor-don Gran-ger came forth with his troops to the aid of the U-nion. They drove the foe from the place, and it was said there was a sad breast-work of the piles of blue coats and the gray that was so great that the whole gap was full. There was great loss on both sides. Rose-crans still held Chat-ta-noo-ga, but he could not leave it. Bragg drew the lines more close day by day. There was but one road by which food could be brought in, and the rains made that road of small use.

At last Gen-er-al Sher-man set out to go to the help of the men shut up in Chat-ta-noo-ga. They had a hard, hard march, and the foe did all they could to stop them, for they knew their aim. They had to march through the fire that came

down from the heights. They went on in a mass, and five or six men were shot in turn as they bore the flag. In one hour in that fierce fire Sher-i-dan lost more than one sixth of his men. It is told of one of the brave men who had borne the flag and was shot down, that when they bore him to the rear a kind friend knelt down by him to find where his wound might be. "Where did they hit you, my man?" said the friend.

"Most up the ridge, sir."

"No, no. I mean where did the ball strike you."

"Near the top—most up."

The friend threw back the man's clothes and found his arm torn by a shell. The man gave it a glance and said: "Yes, that is what did it. You see I had to hug the flag to my breast and make for the top. I was near there when this shot came. If they had let me be just for a bit I should have had a chance to plant that flag on the top. I was most up—most up—" and so the poor youth drew his last breath with a thought of his flag and not of his own sad fate. And in his dull ears that could no more hear them, rang the shouts of his friends who were at the top of the ridge. When there was no more hope for Bragg he fled through the night with his men, his arms and trains. Sher-i-dan

was at his heels, but Bragg was too fleet to be caught. But the U-nion men had made a great gain. One youth who lay ill with a wound said: "I hope I shall not die, but it is a good cause to die in." Look-out Mount-ain and Chat-ta-noo-ga were in the hands of the troops from the North. The Pres-i-dent sent Gen-er-al Thom-as his thanks for the brave way he had led the men in these fights.

At sea the ships of the South at first won on all sides. They drove our ships out, and got off with no harm, till the time that the Al-a-ba-ma was sunk. One more grand fight with ships took place in Mo-bile Bay. This bay was a great place for boats to run in with food and stores to the foe. Our ships could not make their way there, for there were two forts, a ram of great strength, and shells that would blow them up set in the way. Far-ra-gut put false bows on his ships, so that they might charge the ram, and at last it was sunk.

Sherman's march to the sea won him much fame. At one place, Mer-i-den, where there was a great work-shop and store-house for Con-fed-e-rate arms and food, he laid all waste. Two years from that time some one said to a man of that place: "Did Sher-man hurt the town much?" "Hurt it!" said the man, "why, he took it with him."

This seems a hard case, but it was the chance of war.

In the mean time one of the Con-fed-e-rates, Gen-er-al For-rest, led a raid and won the towns of Jack-son and U-nion Cit-y. Then he fell on Pa-du-cah, but they held out there and would not yield. He then made a move on Fort Pil-low, which had but a small force in it and half were black men.

At noon For-rest sent a flag of truce and said they must give up the fort at once. Ma-jor Brad-ford, who was at the head, said he would like to have an hour to talk with his men. In this time For-rest broke his faith, as he made a move to a spot from which he could make the best fire. Then he sent word that if they did not yield up the post in less than a half hour he would storm the works. By the end of that time the Con-fed-e-rates had crept near the works. Brad-ford said he would not yield. The foe heard this with yells. They made a rush for the works with a cry that they would spare none. The U-nion men, in a fright, threw down their arms and fled. But they were all slain.



WIL-LIAM T. SHER-MAN.

For a long time it would seem that Gen-er-al For-rest wore a charm so that his life was safe. The U-nion men sent out troops to take him, but he beat them. He made a dash in to Mem-phis when it was in the hands of the U-nion troops and took off some of the chief men ere the rest knew he had been there.

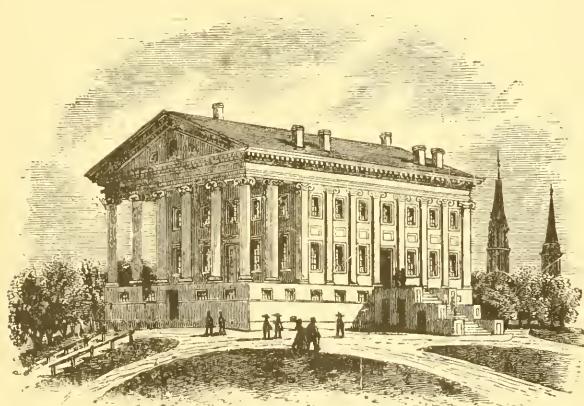
In the summer of 1864 John Mor-gan rode once more on his raids through Ken-tuck-y. But when he got to East Ten-nes-see the U-nion men rose in

force and found out the house in which he was and laid siege to it. He ran out and hid in a vine-yard, but one of the U-nion men saw him and told him to halt. Mor-gan would have shot the man, but

CAP-I-TOL AT RICH-MOND.

ere he could fire, a ball was sent through his heart, and Mor-gan rode on his raids no more.

Col-o-nel Ul-ric Dahl-gren with some troops made a move to strike Rich-mond, Feb-ru-a-ry 28th, from the south. Gen-e-ral Kil-pat-rick was to join him there, but when he got there he saw naught of



Dahl-gren. He was soon seen by the Con-fed-e-rates and had to fly. Dahl-gren did not come, and it was found that his black guide had led him the wrong way. The foe fell on him, but he fought his way out. Still he met with his death ere the fight was done. He was young—just of age—and so brave that he had sought the chance to lead his men to Rich-mond. All felt sad at his fate

CHAPTER XVII.

GRANT TAKES THE CHARGE.

As soon as Grant was in charge of the troops he sent out word for them to make moves in all parts. He made a march through the Wil-der-ness to the rear of Lee's troops. There was a hot fight. The ground was strewn with the slain. The trees were so dense that men could not ride, and it was a hand to hand fight. The woods got on fire in more than one place and the hot smoke made it hard to breathe. Men were at times too near to fire their guns, and took them as clubs to beat back the foe. Long-street got a wound and then Lee took the field. Han-cock had thrown up earth-works so that his troops could get some rest back of them. But the wind set the brush in a flame and the fire drove them out. Then the Con-fed-e-rates saw their chance and made a rush on him with yells, and set their flag on his earth-works. He drove them back, but he had a fierce fight. The U-nion troops met with great loss. But the next day they took up a march for Spott-syl-vania Court-house. When they got there they found

Lee had his men on the ridge, and they had to form their lines in the whiz of balls.

In the gray dawn of the 12th of May, ere a ray of light came in to the sky, Gen-er-al Han-cock took his troops near a weak point in the lines of the foe. The fog was so thick that not a soul could be seen, and the wet ground kept all sound of the men's tramp quite still. They did not fire a shot till they got in to the Con-fed-e-rate camp. In spite of all odds the Con-fed-e-rates fought well, but Hancock won and took a large part of their force. In the fight Gen-er-al Rice got his death wound. They took him to the rear, but the sounds of the fire still came to his dull ear. His eyes wore the glaze of death, but he spoke in a faint voice and said: "Turn me."

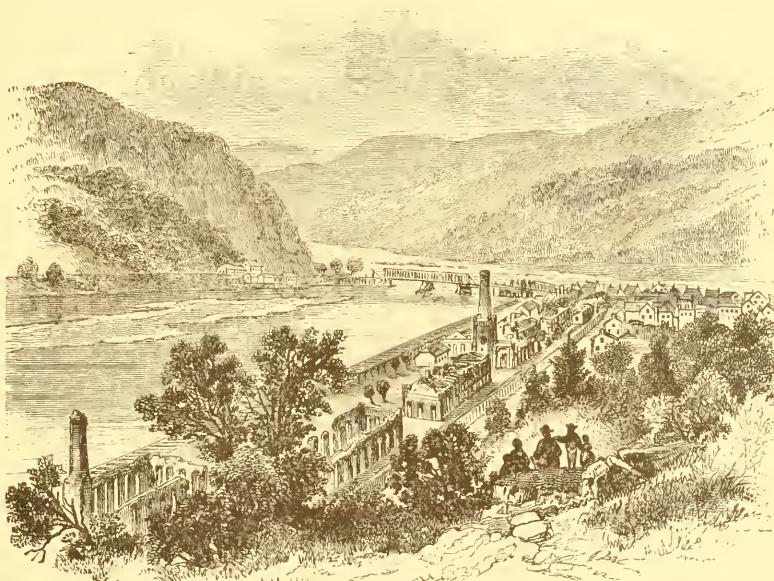
"Which way?"

"Let me die with my face to the foe," said the brave man with his last breath.

If you will look on your maps you will see that the town of Pe-ters-burg is not far south of Rich-mond. The U-nion troops had made more than one move to get this place, but at last Grant laid siege to it. There had been a fight of two days and great loss of life on both sides. As long as they had food the town could stand out, and they did so for ten months. In this time there were two

moves made to take the town. The first was to dig a mine from a point in the U-nion line to the fort of the foe. It was four feet wide and the same in height. In this mine they were to place stuff that could be blown up by means of a fuse. Then they made a feint on the north side of the James, and Lee drew off a part of his force, as he thought Rich-mond was the aim. At this the sign was made to light the fuse. An hour went by, but no sound was heard. Then two brave men crept in to the mine and found the fuse was broke. They made all right and had just time to get out when the crash came. There was a huge chasm, the earth was rent in twain, and the fort was gone. The U-nion guns gave out a fire, and the troops made a rush in to the chasm. Then for some cause there was a pause, and they did not act at once. This gave the foe time to get once more in trim to fight. They had but to turn their guns on the great mass of U-nion men in the chasm and shoot them dead in piles. And so the scheme of the mine was brought to naught. On the 19th of Sep-tem-ber Sher-i-dan made up his mind to take Win-ches-ter, as he heard that the force of the foe was weak in that place. The fight was a hard one, but at last the U-nion men drove the foe out. Sher-i-dan did not stop, but kept right on in the

chase. He kept up this, and made raids on the foe till he had more than half of the troops of Gen-er-al Ear-ly in his hands. It was at this time that Grant thought it best to lay waste the Shen-an-do-ah vale, a land full of fine farms and barns, with hay, and grain, and mills, and farm



SHEN-AN-DOAH VAL-LEY.

tools, and cows, and sheep. It was a hard thing to do, but it gave aid of all sorts to the foe, so that by the rules of war he had a right to spoil it.

In the mean time the Con-fed-e-rate Gen-er-al Ear-ly had made up his mind to steal a march on the U-nion men. He led his troops on just

as the first streak of dawn was seen in the sky. They made a charge with wild yells on front, rear and flank all at once. In a short time part of the troops were in full flight. Sher-i-dan, who had slept in Win-ches-ter that night, heard the news. He rode on as fast as his jet black horse could take him, and met some of his own troops in full flight. He swung his old hat with the cry, "Turn back, turn back, boys! We are all right! We will whip them yet! We will sleep in our old camp this night!" One more charge and there was a turn in the fight. Ear-ly had to fly. Each side had met with great loss.

Gen-e-ral Sher-man made his way to At-lan-ta, and in the month of Au-gust, 1864, laid siege to it. The men made huts to keep off the blaze of the sun, and they had food and drink, and wood for their fires. They kept up the fire night and day. In four days they had cut off all the food from the town. Then Hood blew up his stores and set out with his troops to Ma-con. Sher-man sent word to Lin-coln, "At-lan-ta is ours." This news was heard with great joy by all. Bells were rung, and each town sent out a fire from their guns. Hood made a new move on the force at Al-la-too-na Pass. Sher-man sent for Corse to make haste and go there. Soon they read this on the flags that

were in use to give the signs : “C. R. S. E. H. E. R.” Sher-man made out the word. “If Corse is there, it is all right. I know the man !” And he was right, for Corse, though he had a wound in the face, held out all day and beat Hood in the end. The next day he sent word to Sher-man that he was “short a cheek and an ear,” but he could whip the foe yet.

One of the great moves of the war was made on New Or-leans by Far-ra-gut in ships, and Gen-er-al But-ler with a land force. This town had two strong forts, and there was a long chain with earth works at each end. There were fire rafts full of stuff that they could set on fire, and gun boats, and one of the kind we know as a ram.

Far-ra-gut sent fire in to the forts in vain. His boats took fire from the rafts, and he had to put out each as it went by. At last he thought he would try and run by the forts with his fleet, and he did so. The forts, the steam boats, and the ram, kept up a hot fire, but in the midst of shot and ball, he made his way up the stream. The next day at dawn, he was in New Or-leans, and in a day more the fleets and forts were in his hands, and Gen-er-al But-ler with a land force, came in to the town.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE END CAME.

ERE Sher-man left At-lan-ta he burned the town lest it should be made a strong-hold for the Con-fed-e-rates as soon as he was gone. He burned each bridge, cut the wires that could take the news, and tore up the rail-roads. Then the men set out on their march once more. Each day's march was a long one. They tore up each rail-road on the way. They went in two lines by two routes. When they



LAY-ING THE TEL-E-GRAPH WIRES.

came to Sa-van-nah they found that it had a large force in it. But when they heard that part of the U-nion troops had Fort Mc-Al-lis-ter in their hands, they set all in trim to lay siege to Sa-van-nah. Some of them crept near the works of the Con-fed-e-rates, and all was so still they thought the foe must be gone. They went on but not a soul was to be seen. They went from earth-work

to earth-work and at dawn went in to the town just in time to see the grey coats cross the marsh in a flight from them. Sher-man wrote to Lin-coln: "I beg leave to give you the gift of the town of Sa-van-nah, with all its guns and stores."

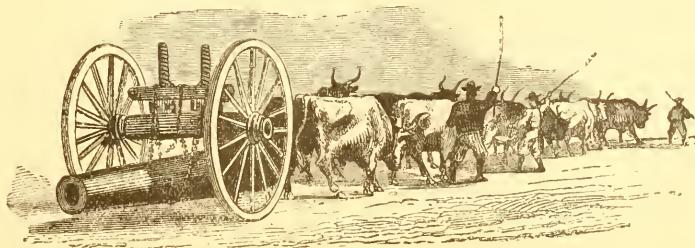
By this time things at the South were in a sad state. The rail-roads that were left were not in good case, and the cars were old. One by one the ports of the South had been lost to them. Food was hard to get, though they might give a great price for it. Salt was so scarce that those who had a smoke-house where meat had been kept in corn in past years, dug up the hard floor and put it to boil so as to get out the salt that time had left there. The men drank stuff made out of dry peas or rye. Tea, sweets, or cake, were not seen. There was a band of the wives and maids of Rich-mond who met once a week in a club. All they had for cheer was a cool drink from the well. The brave girls no more wore fine silk gowns, and hats in the last style, but they did not seem to care. They wore their poor stuff robes with grace, and found out how to plait hats of rice straw, which they would trim and deck with cocks' tails. They had to write their notes on leaves of old books, but they kept up their pluck through all. Still there was small hope left. The U-nion troops now held all but three of the

sea-ports. Though the lines drew close round Charles-ton, and Mo-bile bay was in the hands of the North, the towns still held out. Wil-ming-ton, too, was a great port for the South, and kept up a brisk trade with them. Gen-er-al But-ler had a plan by which he thought he could knock down the walls of Fort Fish-er, and then there would be no help for Wil-ming-ton. He thought if he set off a ship-load of stuff to blow up the fort, all would be in their hands. So a boat was sent out and made to look like those that came for trade with the South. It had tons and tons of stuff in kegs and bags to blow up the fort. A fuse went through each, and there was a clock-work thing made so that they would all light at once. On the night of De-cem-ber 23d, 1864, this boat drew near the fort. The crew got out of the way, and when some time had gone there was a loud boom. But the fort did not feel it at all.

On the 13th of Jan-u-a-ry a new move was made with Gen-er-al Ter-ry at the head. He kept up a fire on the fort for two days. There was a move made from the land, and the stream at the same time. The Con-fed-e-rates fought in a brave way, but they lost ground step by step. At last their chief fell with a wound, and they lost heart. In the night they gave up the fort. The loss on both sides was great.

Next Co-lum-bi-a was won by the U-nion troops. Gen-er-al Wade Hamp-ton, of the South, had sent word that all the stores in Co-lum-bi-a where the stuff was kept, out of which white goods are made, should be burned. A strong wind blew and the fire spread. When Sher-man went in to Co-lum-bi-a he could not put out this fire. Some have set it down to Sher-man's charge, but this is not true. The U-nion men found the fire there and did all they could to put it out. Sher-man gave food to those who were left with no homes.

He heard soon that Wil-ming-ton was in the hands of the U-nion troops, and that Har-dee had gone out of Charles-ton as soon as he knew Co-lum-bi-a was lost. Ere Har-dee went he had a force sent to fire, as in Co-lum-bi-a, each house where there were stores of the stuff which makes the wealth of the South. Of course a large part of the town was burned. The U-nion troops had a hard time to put out this fire and save the rest of the town. The stars and stripes were soon set to



float on Sum-ter and the rest of the forts in the bay. On the 23d of March the march was done.

Such a march had not been known in all the wars of the past. Long will the fame of that March to the Sea live in our land. He had found, as he said, that all the men in the South had been drawn out to aid the troops, and that there were no more left, and that the land was a "mere shell."

The next thought was how to take Rich-mond. In Feb-ru-a-ry Sher-i-dan made a move on Lynchburg, but it was too strong to take, and he was sent by Grant to take a rail-road near Pe-tersburg.

There had been a hard rain all that night and the next day so that not much could be done. Lee had his troops in good trim for a fight, for he knew it was to come. Sher-i-dan made a push for a place by the name of Five Forks. There was a sharp fight there and he had to fall back. The next day he made a fierce charge. He took the flag in his own hands, made all the bands play and with a wild shout the troops made a rush on the works of the foe. They fled from the field and the U-nion troops at their rear in hot haste took a large force of them. Sher-i-dan had great force of will

and led his men as he chose. It is said that just as he led the charge he saw one of his men struck by a ball and reel as if he would fall from his horse. He knew that a horse with no man to guide him might throw out the whole line, so he said: "All right, my man, keep right on." And by the sheer force of the will of his chief the man rode on to the breast-works and then fell dead.

The next day there was a fight on the whole line near Pe-ters-burg. Fort Gregg held out well, though the U-nion force was ten times as great as theirs. For an hour and a half they fought, but there was no chance in the face of such odds. All at once a great cheer went up. Fort Gregg was in the hands of the U-nion men. Lee was at that time in Pe-ters-burg where the sounds of the fight came to him more and more near. "The men are in flight," he said. Gen-er-al Hill went out at once and rode to the place from which the sounds of the shots came. He came on some of the U-nion men and in a cool way rode up to them and said they must yield to him. One of them shot him and he fell from his horse dead. Hill had been a great chief and Lee's right hand man in all the fights of the war. He had worn the badge of each grade, and in a brave way won his right to the first rank.

Lee drew off the men that were left from Peters-burg, but as soon as Grant heard of this flight he sent troops to chase them. Sher-i-dan took some of Lee's trains and men, and wrote to Grant: "I wish you were here. If we could press things I think Lee would give up." To which Grant wrote: "Press things." That night most of the U-nion troops of the Ar-my of the Po-to-mac met. The troops of the South had no food and were in a sad state. There was no hope for them, and at last Lee sent word that he would see Grant and talk of terms. They met in a room of a house that was on a farm. Grant wrote out his terms, and Lee was glad to take them. Lee did not have to give up his sword. Grant let each man keep his horse, for he said they would need them all to plow the land when the spring came. Lee felt that this was most kind, and said there was no thing that could have been done that would be such a help to them. Then the two great chiefs shook hands and Lee went out. Grant gave food to the Con-fed-er-ate troops ere they gave up their arms. As Lee rode through his own lines the men came round him and strove to touch his hand. With tears in his eyes he said: "My men, we have fought through the war side by side. I have done the best I could for you." On the 12th

of April, 1865, the troops of the South made a march to the Court House and laid down their arms, their flags, and all signs of rank. Then they broke up and went to their own homes. Grant did not fire a gun to tell of all that was won and that the great war was at an end.

There was great joy, and all gave thanks at the North when the news that the war had come to an end was borne on the wires. Lin-coln had held his course in a firm, brave way. He had said in a speech in New York, when he was on his way to take his place, "When the time comes for me to speak, I shall then take the ground that I think is right—right for the North, for the South, for the East, for the West, for all our land."

And so he had done. The war was a grief to him. He said, "We did not think this war would last so long. Both sides read the same Word of God, and both pray to Him to aid in a war on those who are bound to them by near ties. We hope, we pray, that this scourge of war may soon pass. But if God wills it should stay till each drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid with one drawn with the sword, it must be said, 'Shall not the Judge of all the world do right?'"

Five days from the time that the news of joy came in a flash on the wires, Lin-coln was dead.

He had been shot while he sat in his box, at the play, by a man of the name of Wilkes Booth. This man had by some means got in the box and made the door fast. When he had shot Lin-coln, he sprang from the box to the stage, but caught his foot in one of our flags, and broke his leg. He had a horse at the door, and got off; but was at last found in a barn where he stood at bay. They set the barn on fire to drive him out; but he still stood his ground, and fought till the last, when he fell, shot by one of our men.

Those who stood by the bed side of Lin-coln saw that there was no hope. All the land was full of gloom, when the sad news came. As his corpse was borne in a train to his old home, the towns were hung with black on the whole route, and most men wore the badge of grief. Those who had not been warm friends of Lin-coln in his life, felt a shock at his death, for they knew a brave, true man had gone.

CHAPTER XIX.

PEACE ONCE MORE.

AT the time of Lin-coln's death, there had been a sort of plot to kill more of the head men of the land. Sew-ard had been shot in his own house, and there was a great fear in Wash-ing-ton; for no one knew how far this plot might reach.

When An-drew John-son took the place at the head of the land, there was some fear that those who had spent so long a time in the war would not know how to live in time of peace. But they soon made their way to their old homes, and were glad to lay down their arms and take up the old trades once more. There was a vast debt, and all sorts of loans to be got. Then there were those who thought that the States, which were the cause of the war, should not have the right to come back on their own terms; and some thought they could come back when they would, and in their own way.

But John-son brought out a Bill which gave back all their rights to most of those who had made the war. The States could come back if they would say that they would have no more slaves, and that

they would be true to the U-nit-ed States in all time to come. John-son did not act in a way to suit those who had cast their votes for him, and Con-gress made a move that he should give up his place. When they came to try him, they found there was one vote short. That one vote kept him in his place; but he did not get a new term.

The next man who was the choice of the land was U-lys-ses S. Grant, whose work in the war had won him such fame. In his time all the States of the South came back in to the U-nion. Great tracts of land were made ours; the debt was made less; and there was a law made which said that men of all races and hues should have a right to vote. In his last term a grand show took place in Phil-a-del-phia. All the lands in the world sent things to be shown there, and all the trades of the world had place in those great halls.

When Hayes came in there was talk that there had not been a fair vote for him; but in time he won his way. He was fair to both North and South, and his rule was mild but firm. He drew all troops out of the South, that those States might put their own laws in force, with no help from Wash-ing-ton; so that if their own folks had wrongs, their own courts must set the thing right.

Time has shown that this course was wise. The

States at the South have grown in peace and good will to us since that time, and the white men there now seem quite glad to have the black men vote. Rail ways have been built so fast that it is thought in a few years there will be four or five of these great lines through the whole length and breadth of the land. Our debt has been paid off at such a quick rate that if we go on it will be gone ere long, and the tax on all things can be made less. We have shown, too, that we have not stood still.

In old times each watch in use here came from the old lands, but now a watch is made here that might win the prize from those on that side of the sea. So, too, in glass, tools, knives, soap, combs, and all sorts of things, we have made a name. The beef and grain we send out bring in vast wealth.

James A. Gar-field was our choice in 1881. A great shock was felt in the land, just two months from the time he came to the White House, when we heard he had been shot while on his way to take a train for the North. A man by the name of Guiteau, who had some sort of strange craze, was the one who did the black deed.

They bore Gar-field at once to his home in the White House, and for a long time he lay there in great pain. Day by day the news would flash on the wires that told his state, how his pulse beat,

how he had slept, and what hope there was for his life. All would seize the news and read it each day, with the wish that he might yet live. They took him to Long Branch in the hope that the sea breeze might help him; but though his life held out for near the space of three months, it came to an end, and his last breath was drawn in that sweet home by the sea, September 19, 1881. Great grief was felt at his death, and all lands strove to say a kind word. The Court of England put on black for him, and the Queen sent a wreath for his grave. Guiteau was hung for his crime.

Not long since France gave a gift to the United States. It is a Liberty in bronze, and is of great size. It is the work of a man by the name of Bartholdi. It shows Liberty with a crown on her head and a torch held up high in her

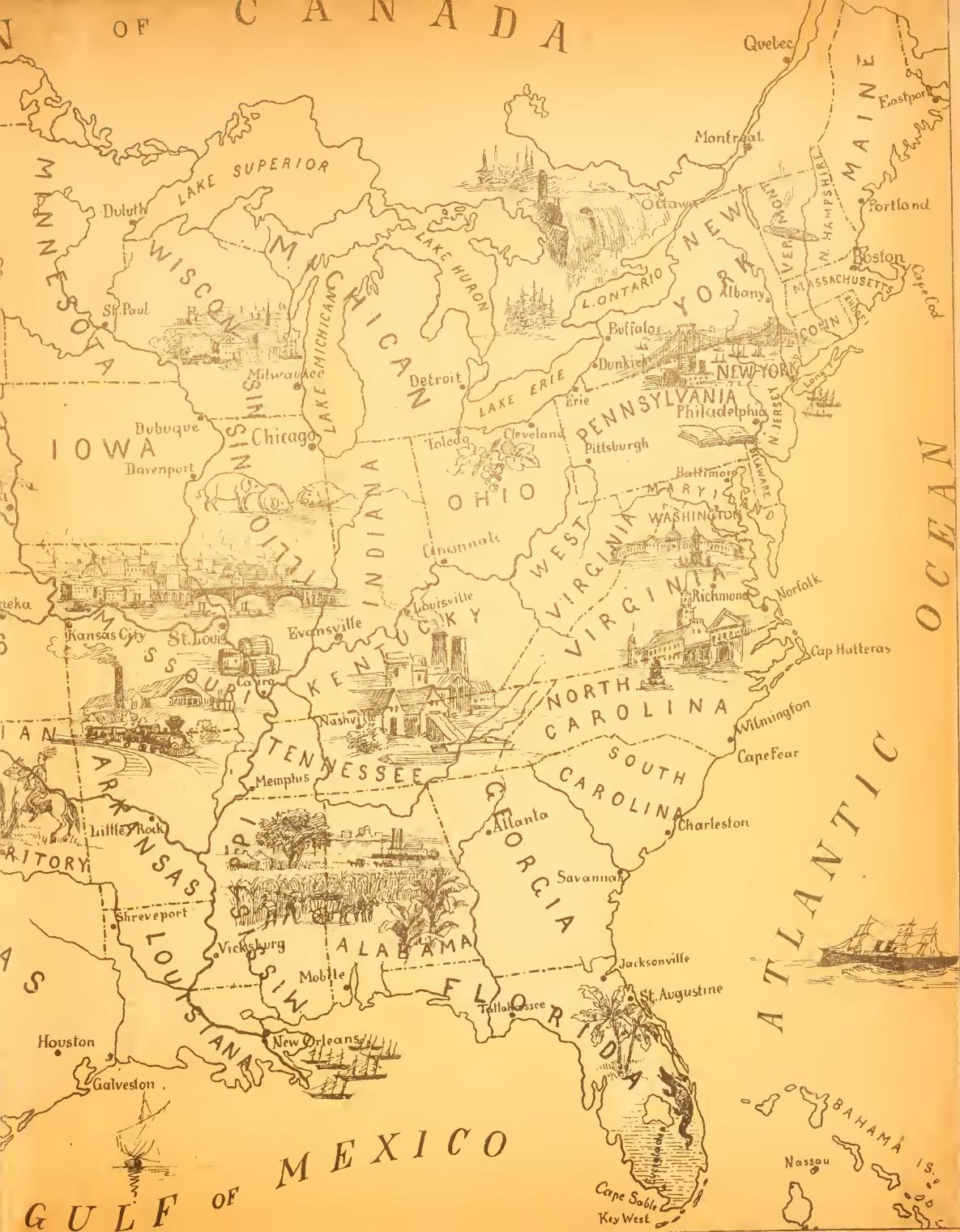


BAR-THOL-DI STATUE.

hand, as though to give light to all the world. She will stand on one of the isles in our great New York bay, as though to light the way to our free shores to all who seek a home, where they may earn their bread in peace, and have a free press, a free vote, and all the rights of free men.

Ches-ter A. Ar-thur is now our Pres-i-dent. We are at peace with all the world. The same flag, with the old stars and stripes, floats now in the South as in the North. Long may it wave, "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."





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IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

HISTORY
OF
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IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

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